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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Brambletye House; or Cavaliers and Roundheads: a Novel.* By one of the Authors of the "Rejected Addresses." 3 vols. London, 1826. Colburn.

To institute a comparison between Mr. Horace Smith, the author of this novel, and Sir Walter Scott, strikes us as being unequalled for and ridiculous. We are not aware that Mr. Smith erects such a standard,—we have no intimation of it in his book,—and why, then, any other person should do so, is a mystery to us insoluble. It is hardly rational to wish that wherever the mighty northern writer has taken up a ground should be reckoned a preserve for all time to come, and that no other man should trespass upon it without being denounced as a poacher, and made liable to critical, worse than game, laws. Were we to adopt such a canon, we should find almost every interesting age and country quarantined from the approach of exploring talent by the voluminous restrictive code of an individual *Pirate*; as Peveril of the Peak should exclude such marauders as the present (were the dread of contrast to be thus maintained), so should Waverley hinder any succeeding author from touching on "the forty-five." Kemilworth inshrine the age of Elizabeth; Ivanhoe, that of Cœur de Lion; the Monastery, that of Mary of Scotland; the Legend of Montrose, another Stuart epoch in the same country; the Fortunes of Nigel, the era of James I.; the Heart of Mid Lothian, that of George II.; and farther down still, St. Roman's Well, our own time. The operation of this rule would be a fearful prohibition of periods, persons, times, and seasons, against all aspirants to the fame of novelists upon historical data.

But such things exist only in the imaginations of critics. For ourselves we can see no chance of competition between the two gentlemen in question, unless it could be devised to start a rivalry upon their names: somewhat thus:—Horace has as many letters in it as Walter, and there are three letters the same in each, *a*, *r*, and *e*. A strange coincidence to commence with; but "worse remains behind." Both Scott and Smith begin with the same letter; and verily, also, contain the same number of letters—the ominous *five*. Upon so conclusive a proof of presumption on the part of the said Horace Smith, in imitating the said Walter Scott, nothing need be urged; and as he has so closely copied him in his *Christian* and *air-name*, what is to be expected but as close a copy as possible in his writings? [By the by, he had succeeded well in this line before, only in poetry,—witness the "Rejected Addresses."]

This is, however, a vain and unfair criterion by which to estimate Brambletye House. No question it belongs to the school of novel raised to so high a pitch by the great master of his art; but it should be tried on its own merits, since it is and ought to be considered as one of an inexhaustible class, which many,

under many a shade of colour, contribute to public gratification and entertainment.

We are free to say that, with sundry defects and imperfections, if tried upon the high scale to which we have alluded, there is much to recommend these volumes to a favourable reception. There is a good deal of variety and power in the characters; and, rare as it is to have such praise to bestow on a male pen, the principal females are well drawn: we allude to Julia, Constantia, and Mrs. Weegschaal; for the apparition-acting Mrs. Lawrence is both common-place and out of probability. Several of the masculine gender are also cleverly portrayed. The Burgomaster Beverning has been carefully painted; and Winky Boss and his pony are capital sketches. Of the prominent historical *dramatis persona* we do not think quite so much. Sir John Compton is a tolerable rough old cavalier; but all the rest of that party, from the king downwards, are made out with an unfriendly and unfaithful hand. On the contrary, the harsh lineaments of the Puritans and Cromwellians are set in the most flattering lights, and softened into as fine an interest as the abilities of the artist could compass. The *dénouement* is, however, well brought about;\* and what failure there is, is most to be discovered in the court stories, which are somewhat repeated and dwelt upon; and in the introduction of Walton, Milton, Ashmole, &c. &c. as mere shadows, to give an effect to trivial incidents, and to be seen no more. There is one other point which militates against many excellent scenes in this work, and which would not be felt in almost any other wrought up with the same skill—the materials are drawn from publications of popular notoriety; and after Pepys, Evelyn, De Foe, &c. &c., we can scarcely be induced to read, as a matter of fact, accounts of the great plague, or of the fire of London, or of the immorality of the court of Charles the Second. When Mr. Smith bestows as much pains upon less familiar subjects, he will accomplish a far superior work. But to make an end of our criticisms, and come to our exemplifications of what he has done, we shall merely state our objection to some of the allusions to the profligacy of the age: it was no easy task to mention them without offending propriety, and the author has not escaped from this taint.

From the first volume we select a portion of the details of the escape of Sir John Compton (who had engaged in a conspiracy against Cromwell) from his pursuers. He has discovered himself, and is imprisoned at a tavern kept by a Puritan, whence he is rescued by the Marquess of Ormonde in disguise, who "entered the room, cut the prisoner's manacles with the knife which he had brought for that purpose, set his legs at liberty by the same means, whispered him that there was a ladder outside the window, and desiring him to follow as quietly as possible, let himself softly down

\* Except that his gunpowder vault could not be open to any sparks, to cause a blow up.

from the sill and disappeared. It will easily be supposed that Sir John was not slow in obeying; but it will hardly be credited that at such a moment he could dream of executing the hazardous prank we are about to relate. The ladder had been placed close to the sign of the Protector's Head, which he had observed to be suspended to the post by a single hook. Stimulated either by a most inopportune love of fun, or by his ungovernable animosity against the original, he paused as he descended the ladder, unhooked the portrait, which he brought to the ground, and taking the knife from the marquess, in spite of his angry remonstrances, made a hole on each side of his highness's throat, through which he passed one of the cords wherewith he had himself been bound, and again suspended the picture to a great nail in the post, so that the illustrious personage whom it represented appeared to be hanging by the neck.—"Excuse me," he exclaimed to the marquess, who now began to haul him away by sheer force—"could'n help it, upon my soul! it was an atonement I owed to my own feelings, for having entered a house with such a rascally sign; but as my conscience is now at ease, I will obediently follow you, my noble and generous deliverer, whithersoever you may command me."

"Why then, o' God's name, let us have no more freaks and fooleries," replied the marquess; "and hey for Shoreham, with all the wealth we can muster! for unless we can reach it before daylight, we may both chance to tumble into worse bilboes than those from which you have just escaped, and suffer in reality the fate which you have so foolishly inflicted upon the Protector's effigy."

"After cordial thanks and congratulations had been mutually exchanged, he proceeded to inform Sir John, in answer to his eager inquiries, that when he had been so rudely dismissed by the soldiers, lest he should come in for a share of the prize offered for his own apprehension, and found himself disabled from enacting the *Autolycus* by the want of his pedlar's box, which was trotting along the road behind the back of his friend, he had concealed himself by day, and travelled by night, until he reached the sea, where he intended to remain till he could ascertain what was intended to be done with Sir John. 'No sooner had I learnt,' he continued, 'your lucky escape, than I bargained with one Tattersall, a trusty fellow, and the brother of the shipmaster who carried over the king after the fight of Worcester, to keep a fishing-smack in constant readiness for our escape; and instantly trudged back towards the forest, upon the wild-goose chase of discovering the run-away knight of Brambletye House.'

"And by what lucky chance did you stumble upon your goose?" inquired Sir John.

"By one of those capricious freaks of fortune," resumed the marquess, "which are

\* The tombstone of the latter, with a long inscription in prose and verse, is still to be seen in Brighton church-yard.

never dreamt of till they actually occur. I was concealed in the bushes that overhang a large pond, to which, in your capacity of ostler at the Protector's Head, you were leading a cropp'd horse. As it approached the water, the animal trod upon your foot, when you struck it passionately across the face, exclaiming—"Blood, you crop-eared Roundhead brute! must you too trample upon me?"—Your smock-frock might have deceived me, but your oath and your voice there was no mistaking, from whatever disguise they might have issued. Not having time to make myself known, I watched you back to the inn; and when the dusk of the evening allowed me to play the respectable part of an eaves-dropper, I placed myself outside the window of the room wherein you were so singularly discreet and considerate (knowing, I presume, the value of the article) as to plunge your head into the lion's mouth. By the assistance of the window I not only heard, but saw, every thing that passed below; and from the light in the garret casement, and the hubbub of angry voices, was enabled to ascertain your place of confinement upstairs. A knife, with which I was already provided, and a ladder, removed from a neighbouring hay-stack, completed your deliverance; if, therefore, you can resist the temptation of getting into mischief for three or four hours longer, I trust we shall be beyond the fangs of Noll and his janissaries, and scudding through the waves for France or Flanders."

From the second tome our specimen shall consist of a Dutch governess, Miss Van-spancker.

"She was starch, prim, and pragnatural, at the same time that she was officious, meddling, and fidgety, even to a degree of impertinence. Originally the keeper of a small school, she afterwards became governess in the burgo-master's family, where she was still retained, rather out of kindness to herself than as being now thought the most fitting companion for Constantia. With an infirmity not uncommon in females of her class after their official duties have ceased, she still seemed to imagine herself surrounded by children whom she might annoy with her frivolous dictation. She piqued herself upon the exact collocation of pins and pronouns, of tuckers and tenses; her favourite piece of pedantry being the rigorous use of the subjunctive mood, wherever it was dictated by grammarians, and was disregarded in colloquial parlance; while she was as precise in the pronunciation of every syllable, as if a pop-gun were making its first attempt at an oration. For lack of other pupils, she had established a kind of seminary for household furniture. On first entering the drawing-room in the morning, she cast a scrutinising, mathematical glance around her school, and any scholar, that was even the tenth-part of an inch out of its place, was instantly corrected and called to order. The chimney-ornaments were taught where and how to place themselves, the flowers were made to hold up their heads, the tongs to turn out their toes, the poker to carry itself upright, the shovel to assume a becoming and decent attitude; every chair was instructed what position to assume, the truant pins upon the carpet were made to return into their pincushion, and she seemed to find a peculiar pleasure in imposing penance upon a china jar, by making it stand by itself in a corner. With a *plumasseau*, or little feather brush in her hand, (the only rod that was left to her,) she went the round of her inanimate scholars, uttering a *malison* against slatternly housemaids; and switching

off any stray dust she encountered with an angry jerk, that appeared to recall the former delight of rapping her negligent pupils upon the sconce.

"Had she been content to exercise none but a parlour jurisdiction, this pedagogue in petticoats might have been endurable; but she unfortunately extended her claims of pupilage over the kitchen. Her own reputation being as spotless as her gown, she thought herself warranted to take the characters of the maid under her proper surveillance, checking their amusements, and watching their little flirtations, as if she were at once the mistress, mother, and duenna of the whole establishment. Men-servants, who had been all their lives acquiring a knowledge of their business, had to learn it afresh from her. No napkin was ever folded properly, no spoon was ever turned the right way, no silver was ever cleaned as it ought to be, no salt-cellier occupied its exact position. A mean inquisition into cupboards and perquisites being added to this teasing, troublesome, and petty persecution, she contrived to worry the best servants into mutiny, and to make the family, the domestics, and the guests, all equally uncomfortable.

"She could never have possessed a single qualification for her office of governess except her plainness,—a recommendation which may appear strange to the uninitiated reader, but which will be duly appreciated by all those mistresses of families who happen to have gay husbands or grown-up sons."

As we do not think our author shines most in his tragical and supernatural efforts, we shall conclude with a sample of his humour—frolic of the merry court of the restored king. During a festive evening, a masque "had been prepared by Sir Roger L'Estrange, and being intended to be complimentary to their majesties, contained much of that gross and fulsome adulation which it would be an insult to offer to any but crowned heads. The characters were all allegorical, and the performers such as could be hastily called from a strolling company, consisting of some half-dozen men, dressed up in female attire, to represent the virtues and other abstract personages. Matthew Locke had adapted music to the different scenes, and Capt. Cook had altered one of his anthems for the finale. In short, nothing was omitted, which the hurried nature of the preparation would allow, to give success and *éclat* to this little entertainment, from which the two composers, and the ingenious author of the blank verse, anticipated no small share of admiration and applause.

"But, alas! what are the hopes of mortals? Rochester, who had been admitted as a great favour, and under a promise of secrecy, to one of the rehearsals, observing the clownish nature of the rustic performers, conceived the project of one of those mischievous pranks in which he delighted; and communicating his plan to Sir Thomas Killigrew, the two conspirators proceeded immediately to put it into execution. While the musical composers were out of the way, and Sir Roger L'Estrange engaged with the company in the hall, they introduced a little collation behind the curtain, pretending that it had been sent by the king for the refreshment of the performers. Into the burned sack and other potent compounds, they infused an intoxicating mixture. The actors, unaccustomed to such insidious draughts, and willing to do all honour to his majesty, as well as to their distinguished companions, drank the king's health, and pledged their entertainers, and hobnobbed with one another until they were sufficiently

besotted to be quite ripe for a quarrel. With such vulgar natures, a scuffle and a brawl are generally the immediate consequences of ebriety. Rochester and his friend pretended to quarrel and fight; the actors espoused different sides, and a general engagement ensued, in the midst of which the original combatants slipped away. One of them rang the bell which was to procure silence and draw the attention of the company; the other pulled up the curtain, and the eyes of their majesties and the assembled court were directed to a scene of scuffling, uproar, and wild confusion, such as has been seldom exhibited to royal or even to plebeian observation.

"Had the whole been intended as a burlesque, and the performers received instructions to travestie their various parts, they could not have more successfully reversed their respective attributes and characters. Peace, who appeared to be the foremost and most desperate of the combatants, after laying about him, right and left, with a huge olive branch, which had already felled two of the party, had pursued Victory into a corner, and, having utterly defeated him, was endeavouring to strangle him with his own wreath. Religion was cursing and swearing like a trooper at Mercy, who, having got him down to the ground, was pummelling him with a most truculent and blood-thirsty rage. Hope was seen utterly reduced to despair by Justice, who was belabouring him in a blind fury with his wooden sword. Charity, holding a bottle of sack to his mouth, was refusing a single drop of it to Faith, in spite of the most earnest supplications. Temperance, with a black eye, was lying sprawling in one corner of the stage, in a most pitiable plight of drunkenness; and Fortitude was sitting in another, crying and suivelling because Peace had given him a bloody nose.

"At first the spectators were lost in an utter amazement, staring in bewilderment at the scene before them, and waiting impatiently till the hidden meaning should develop itself. Accustomed to masqueradings, pranks, gambols, and every species of farcical buffoonery, they took it for granted that the representation was part of the regular entertainment, allegorical, perhaps, of chaos and war, out of which were ultimately to spring peace and order, and all the golden virtues of Saturn and Astraea. Of such a desirable consummation, however, there was not the least appearance. War raged with redoubled fury; the actions, language, and attitudes of the belligerents, sufficiently testified that they were not only angry in earnest, but most indisputably tipsy. The trick that had been played them was quickly buzzed about; they who were not in the secret began to guess at the truth; the real state of the case seemed to flash upon the whole assembly at once; and a simultaneous, universal roar of boisterous laughter made the vaulted and venerable roof of Christchurch Hall re-echo to its peal.

"To the polished court of Charles the Second, as it has been sometimes, though most erroneously denominated, there was nothing revolting in the grossness and irregularity of the scene before them. By no means squeamish themselves, and still less fastidious about others, they found food for an egregious and ungovernable mirth in the profane oaths, ribald language, disfigured features, drunken looks, and indecorous gestures of the actors, all of whom seemed to forget that they represented females, and were attired in petticoats. Their first fury of intoxication and anger was now subsiding, and as they gradually became sensible, in their returning soberness, that they had been guilty

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of a most enormous disrespect to majesty, they had gazed at the august company whom they had thus outraged, with vacant, sheepish, and lack-a-daisical looks, that seemed equally compounded of drunkenness and dismay; but which only aggravated into shriek the laughter of the spectators.

" Rochester, who never wished a jest to drop, and never felt the least compunction towards its victims, heightened their terror to the utmost by again mingling among the actors, informing them that the king was in wrathful dudgeon, and playing upon their still bewildered faculties, until he persuaded them that they had been guilty of petty treason and lese-majesty. Finding them in a fit mood for his purpose, he led them all up in penitent plight to the royal chair, and asked the king whether it was his majesty's pleasure to pronounce sentence of death upon the culprits?

" ' My Lord of Rochester, well knowing your fitness for the office, we constitute you our judge and representative,' replied Charles, who enjoyed the scene, though he did not wish to be at the trouble of supporting a character in it.

" ' Aha ! ' exclaimed Rochester pomposly, at the same time puffing out his cheeks, pulling out the curls of his periwig, in order to look as judicial as possible, and sinking slowly and magisterially into a chair; while Killigrew seated himself upon the ground before him, and, taking a pencil and paper from his pocket, assumed the sober look of a magistrate's clerk.

" Speaking in a loud, solemn, and dictatorial tone, the mock judge then exclaimed, ' Come into court, ye rascally virtues, foul-mouthed purities, and worthless excellencies ! how will ye be tried, humanly or allegorically, in your persons or personifications, as ye ought to be and are not, or as ye are and ought not to be ? '

" The puzzled and penitent looks of the delinquents declared, without speaking, that the question was beyond their comprehension; and a dead silence ensued, until Temperance, hic-coughing, tottering on his knees, and fixing his drunken eyes upon Rochester with a stolid stare, mumbled out, ' I'll take my oath, my lord, I'm at this moment as sober as a judge.'

" ' As your present judge you may be,' cried Charles. ' Ods fish ! my friend, subpoena the king, and he shall swear to it.'

" ' It's the first time I ever knew your majesty to be a friend to temperance,' said Rochester: then turning to the delinquents, he continued—' Pay attention, ye emblematical moralities and real ragamuffins, and listen to your sentence. You, Peace, were the first to break yourself, and shall, therefore, be bound over under a heavy penalty to keep yourself. You, Mercy, shewed none of yourself, and shall, therefore, receive none of yourself. Justice, you may depend upon having yourself. You, Hope, on the contrary, must give yourself up; and you, Fortitude, may prepare to act with yourself. And now, ye self-antitheses, hearken to your verdict, as the court shall record it. As his majesty would be sorry to put the cardinal virtues in the stocks, or order Faith, Hope, and Charity to be whipped at the cart's tail, in order to avoid such grievous scandal, and save ye all the shame of such an exposure, he is most graciously pleased to order that ye be jointly and severally hanged by the neck till ye be dead.'

" ' O Lord ! Lord ! ' cried Fortitude, who was less recovered from his intoxication than the others, and wore a face of most tipsy terror,

what will become of us—what will become of us ? Do, my lord judge, shew us mercy ! '

" ' There he is,' said Rochester, pointing to the man who had enacted that character, ' and a more remorseless-looking rogue I never saw. There is no chance for you in his face; it is suffused all over with the gallows. You must swing, sir; you must swing ! '

" ' Ods fish ! ' cried Charles, interposing, ' you will frighten the fellow out of his wits. The joke has gone far enough. Begone, ye virtues ! the king pardons ye all, on condition that ye get not drunk again to-morrow, for it is the fast-day. Rochester, let them be well paid, for we prefer their travestie to the intended original. The rogues would doubtless rather receive money than applause, and thus shall we be all satisfied,' "—as we hope all our readers are, to whom we have no hesitation in warmly commanding these volumes.

and oblations of cakes (Collyriide), and such like services.

" See *Epiph. Heres.* 78, 79, pp. 1003, 1057.

" No. 2.—(Scot, of Dunse.)

" In the fourteenth century, John Scot, of Dunse, acquired much fame by attempting to demonstrate the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, in opposition to the opinion of Montesono, the Dominican Professor of Divinity at Paris. Some years being spent in furious dispute, the University condemned Montesono's opinion, and adopted that of Scot.

" See *Waddingus, Annal. Minor.* tom. vi. p. 62.

" No. 3.—(Festival of the Immaculate Conception.)

" Sixtus 4th, in the year 1476, granted indulgences, by an express and particular edict, to all those who should devoutly celebrate an annual festival in honour of the immaculate conception of the blessed Virgin, with respect to which none of the popes before him had thought proper to make any express declaration, or any positive appointment.

" See *Raph. Volaterrani Comment. Urbani*, lib. 8. f. 299. *Annales Silvius de Stato Europae sub Frederico 3.* cap. 10. in *Frereri Scriptor. Rerum Germanicar.* tom. ii. p. 104.

" No. 4.—(Feast of the Sinless Conception.)

" In 1709 Clement the 11th appointed the 'Feast of the Sinless Conception,' to be observed in the whole Romish Church. It is well known that great vexation had been caused to the pontiffs by the ancient debate between the followers of Francis and Dominic concerning the sinless conception of Mary.

" *Brown's History of the Christian Church.*

" Matthew, v. 25, 26. ' Agree with thine enemy quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge.'

" (Carpocrates.)

" The followers of Carpocrates regarded angels as adversaries, who delighted in beholding men sunk in pleasure and debauchery.

" These sectarians are said to have asserted, that an indulgence in the basest and most vicious pleasures, was a species of contribution which the soul owed to angels; and on this account the most infamous deeds became acts of virtue. They pretended, that in this conduct they were conforming to the words of St. Matthew, v. 25.

" Carpocrates himself taught, that the soul could not be purified till it had committed all kinds of abominations, making that a necessary condition of perfection.

" The impious tenets of this man were calculated to destroy all virtue."

" Matthew, v. 39. ' Resist not evil.'

" (The Dunkers.)

" The Dunkers never allow any lawsuit. One may cheat, rob, and abuse them without ever being exposed to any retaliation, or even to any complaint from them. Religion seems to have the same effect upon them that philosophy had upon the Stoicks, making them insensible to every kind of insult; and hence they are sometimes called the harmless Dunkers.

" See *the Letters of Cypipini*, p. 70.

" Matthew, xvii. 1, 2. ' Into an high mountain—and his face did shine as the sun.'

" (Quietists or Navelers.)

" Barlaam, a noted monk, of the order of Basil, and afterwards Bishop of Gieraci in Calabria, made a tour through Greece towards the middle of the fourteenth century, for the sake of inspecting the monks, the Greeks having had no little trouble given them by the Hesychasts or Quietists.

" On Mount Athos, in Thessaly, he found these Quietists, whom he called Messalians, Euchites, and Navelers. Imagining that a

long course of intense contemplation would produce perfect tranquillity of mind, they used every day to sit a considerable time in a solitary corner, with their eyes intently fixed on their navel; and boasted, that while they did so, they found the divine light beaming forth from the soul, and diffusing through the heart inexpressible sensations of pleasure and delight. This light, they asserted, was the glory of God that surrounded our Saviour upon the Mount of Transfiguration.

“ ‘ We have no reason,’ says Dr. Mosheim, ‘ to be surprised at, and much less to disbelieve, this account; for it is a fundamental rule with all those people in the Eastern world, whether Christians, Mahometans, or Pagans, (who maintain the necessity of abstracting the mind from the body, in order to hold communion with God, which is exactly the same thing with the contemplative and mystic life among the Latins,) that the eyes must be steadily fixed every day for some hours upon some particular object; and that he who complies with this precept will be thrown into an ecstasy, in which, being united to God, he will see wonderful things, and be entertained with ineffable delights. See what is said concerning the Sianese monks and mystics, by Engelb Kempfer, in his History of Japan, tom. i. p. 30; and also concerning those of India, in the Voyages of Bemner, tom. i. p. 127.’ ”

“ Matthew, xxi. 22. ‘ All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.’ ”

“(Wesley.)

“ Mr. Wesley supposed that he, and such of his disciples who had faith like himself, could heal diseases, and cast out devils. Accordingly, he relates the cure of a mad woman, as a proof that ‘ whatsoever ye shall ask, believing, ye shall receive.’ ”

“ Dr. Southey details this and similar incidents at full length.”

“ Matthew, xxiv. 24. ‘ False Christs, and false apostles.’ ”

“ No. 1.—(Apollonius Tyaneus.)

“ It is a thing highly probable, if not unquestionable, that Apollonius Tyaneus, shortly after the publication of the Gospel to the world, was a person made choice of by the policy and assisted by the powers of the kingdom of darkness, for the doing of some things extraordinary, merely out of design to derange from the miracles of our Saviour Christ, and to enable Paganism the better to bear up against the assaults of Christianity: for amongst the many writers of this philosopher’s life, some, and particularly Philostratus, seem to have had no other aim in this their whole undertaking, than only to dress up Apollonius in such a garb and manner, as might make him best seem to be a fit corral with our Saviour Christ, both in respect of sanctity and miracles. Eupapius, therefore, telling us, that he mistitled his book, and that instead of *Ἀρελλανίου Βίος*, ‘ the life of Apollonius,’ he should have called it, *εἴναι τις ἀνθρώπος λεπτόποιος*, ‘ the coming down and converse of God with men;’ forasmuch as this Apollonius, saith he, was not a bare philosopher, or man, ἀλλὰ τι Θεὸς καὶ ἀνθρώπος μίκρος, ‘ but a certain middle thing betwixt the gods and men.’ And that this was the use commonly made by the Pagans of this history of Apollonius, viz. to set him up in way of opposition and rivalry to our Saviour Christ, appears sundry ways.

“ No. 2.—(False Christs.)

“ In almost every age of Christianity, there have been impostors or fanatics who have assumed the title of Messiah.

“ In the twelfth century alone, Mr. Gregory mentions the following instances. ‘ In 1137, the Persians were disturbed by a Jew, who called himself the Messiah, and collected together a formidable army of his countrymen. The Persian monarch submitted to a treaty with this religious usurper: he paid him sum of money on the condition of disbanding his soldiers, but afterwards seized and beheaded him, and compelled the Jews to refund the money he had given to their Messiah, which reduced them to beggary, and even to the necessity of selling their children. In the following year a death Christ appeared in France: he was put to death, and many Jews suffered at the same time under the accusation, real or imaginary, of sacrificing a male Christian child once a year. About the year 1157, an impostor, under the title of Messiah, incited the Jews to revolt at Corduba; and this unfortunate event occasioned the destruction of almost all the Jews in Spain. In 1167, another false prophet appeared in Arabia, who pretended to be the forerunner of the Messiah. When search was made for him, he was soon deserted by his followers, and being questioned by the Arabian king, he replied, that he was indeed a prophet sent from God. The king requiring a sign in confirmation of his mission, the unfortunate fanatic desired him to cut off his head, and asserted, that he should, presently, see him restored to life. His request was complied with; the event, however, by no means corresponded with the professions of the prophet, and the Arabian Jews were condemned to pay a heavy fine. In 1174, a magician and false Christ occasioned great trouble to the Jews in Persia: and in two years after, another arose in Moldavia, called David Almusser. He pretended that he could make himself invincible; but he was taken, and a heavy fine laid upon the Jews.’ ”

Of the various sects founded on the sacramental text, “ this is my body,” we mention two or three.

“(Tatianists.)

“ The disciples of Tatian, who were denominated Encratites or Temperate, Hydroparastates or Water-drinkers, and Apotacticites or Renouncers, allowed only water in the celebration of the Lord’s Supper.

“(Schwenkfeldt.)

“ Schwenkfeldt, a Silesian knight, who lived in the middle of the sixteenth century, inverted the phrase ‘ this is my body,’ and insisted upon its being translated and understood, ‘ my body is this,’ i. e. such as this bread which is broken and consumed, a true and real food which nourishes, satisfies, and delights the soul;—‘ my blood is in this,’ i. e. its effects are such as those of the wine, which strengthens and refreshes the heart.

“(Brownists.)

“ According to the rules of the Brownists, the powers of their church officers were confined within the narrow limits of their own society. The pastor of one church might not administer the sacrament of baptism or the Lord’s Supper to any but those of his own communion, and their immediate children.

“ The sects of the present day who do not observe the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper, are the Quakers, and, as Mr. Gurney relates, the Inspires in Germany, and the Malakans in South Russia.”

The foregoing quotations we have taken from the first eighty pages of Mr. Boone’s excellent work, and from only one of the Evangelists; and as we have chosen those which relate to remarkable sects and opinions, and avoided

the more numerous parts which refer to Roman Catholics, the Greek Church, Unitarians, Quakers, and Methodists, (which are more familiar to readers) it may readily be gathered from the examples that the whole volume is one of much interest. We consider it to be well calculated to spread information, and effect much good by directing the attention of many to points of religious controversy, while at the same time it enlightens them by historical and learned comments.

Upon the concluding portion of the book it does not consist with our plan to give an opinion; but we can safely recommend it altogether to men of every persuasion.

*Gertrude de Wart, or Fidelity until Death.*

Translated from the German of Appenzeller.

8vo. pp. 166. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

FOUNDED on the most exact historic truth, with all the fearful and intense interest of the most appalling romance, *Gertrude de Wart* is a striking instance, amid the many, of that devotedness in affection which will support a woman through scenes of which, in hours of ease and happiness, the very thought had been too much to bear. *Gertrude* had been for many years the beloved (and does not that imply the happy?) wife of Rodolph de Wart: in an unfortunate hour his attachment to his master, the Duke of Swabia, whose lands were unjustly retained by the avaricious Albert, plunged him into misery. Though not one of the assassins himself, yet being present at the murder of the emperor, he is involved in all their guilt, and in all their dangers; and after temporary concealment, he is betrayed by a relation into the hands of the Queen of Hungary and the Archduke Leopold, who had pursued the murderers of their father with the most unrelenting vengeance. His wife, who had borne with the most unshaking fortitude all the misery of poverty to which she had been reduced by the burning of their castle and the confiscation of their estates, joins her husband, shares his prison, supports him at his trial; and at last, when, despite of her entreaties for mercy, he is condemned to the dreadful death of breaking on the wheel, she is still his stay and succour; but here we will give place to her own words: she has escaped from her friends to seek the place of Rodolph’s suffering.

“ The rising moon began to tip with silver the dark pines and the turrets of the castle of Kybourg. I discovered the path I was in search of, and skirting the great forest which is near Winterthur, I heard more and more distinctly the noise of a mill. This should be the meadow where I was to look for my husband. The mill and a rivulet only separated me from him. I passed the water, and, going round the mill, I perceived the wheel, and the unhappy victim laid on it. The guard was frightened at my appearance, and ran off, with every mark of terror. I heard the breathing of Rodolph, deep, and at intervals resembling sighs; I saw his broken members, agitated by convulsive movements, like those of a lamb, palpitating under the knife of the butcher: yes, Margaretta, all this was doomed to hear and see.

“ ‘ It is me,’ said I softly: he immediately knew my voice. ‘ Is it thee, Gertrude? Jesu Maria! this is all that was wanting!’ ”

“ I came near to the post on which the wheel was suspended. I saw there some pieces of wood. I took one of them, which I placed close to the wheel. I got up upon it, and I was enabled to seize, and cover with kisses, one of his hands, which hung down, moistened with cold sweat.

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"Spare me! spare me!" said he, with a tremulous voice: "thy presence adds to my sufferings. I call for death, and thou art come to retard it. Gertrude! Gertrude! where do you come from? what will you have? My limbs are broken; my joints are dislocated; my heart only still beats. Go from me—let me die—this is too much!"

"I saw him pale and motionless, entangled in the spokes of the wheel. The shivering of a fever pervaded his members—his groans mingled with the murmuring of the rivulet and the clapping of the mill. I fell on my knees, and prayed under the wheel, and exhorted my unhappy husband to resignation. At last, joining together some pieces of wood, I made a sort of scaffolding, by which means I could raise myself up to him, and, leaning over him, free his face from the hairs which the wind blew over it. 'I entreat thee! O, I entreat thee!' repeated he, 'to begone, and leave me. If they should find you here when the day breaks, you know not what may happen. Why will you aggravate my misery? You cannot tell what additional sufferings you may bring upon me.'

"'I will die with thee,' said I to him, 'and it is for this purpose that I am come! No power shall force me from thee.' I threw myself on him with extended arms, and I begged of God both his death and my own. The day appeared—I saw human figures moving at a distance. I was obliged to descend, and take away the pieces of wood which had enabled me to get up on the wheel. The guard who had fled at the sight of me again made his appearance. No doubt this man had mentioned at Winterthur what he had seen; for as soon as it was day, there was a great mob of men, women, and children, coming from all quarters. I recognised the gaoler whom Landenberg had persuaded the evening before to let me free. He did not appear surprised at seeing me with my husband: he approached me, shaking his head, and said, 'It was not for this purpose, madam, that the Landenbergs took you, yesterday, out of prison.' The people drawing nearer and nearer, I saw several women of my acquaintance, and, among the rest, the wife of the president of the court of justice at Winterthur. I called to her, and entreated her to intercede with her husband, that he would order the executioner to abridge the sufferings of Rodolph.

"He dares not do it," said Wart, groaning. "When the queen has spoken, the president of justice must be silent; and if it had not been for that, I may say that I had some right to expect this good office from him." Some persons brought me refreshments, of which I could take nothing; but I was refreshed, if I may say so, by the compassion which was visibly impressed on their countenances, and by the tears which were shed by them.

"When the fog of the morning was dispersed, the crowd increased. I saw there the Bailiff Steiner, of Pfungen, with his two sons; our tenant at Datlikon, and some women from Neftenbach: they all made the sign of the cross, and appeared as if they were praying for us.

"The executioner then came, followed by the Confessor Lamprecht. The former seemed to be the least cruel of the two: he said, sighing, 'May God have mercy on the poor young lord, and receive his soul into Paradise!' The confessor again urged him to avow his guilt; but Wart, making a great effort, repeated before all the people the same words which he

had already said to the queen and the court of justice. The priest was silent. All at once I heard voices crying out, 'Place! place!' Men armed with halberds made way through the crowd; helmets, surmounted with plumes, glittered near the mill. Soon were seen prancing horses and their riders, with shining armour, and their visors down.

"The executioner dropped down on his knee—the confessor laid his hand on his breast—the horsemen halted. The women lifted up the children in their arms, that they might have a better view. Guards, armed with lances, obliged the people to form a circle.

"A knight of a high stature, raising himself upon his horse, said to the executioner, in a sneering tone of voice, 'Where are the ravens, that they have not yet torn his eyes out?' It was the Archduke Leopold.

"My blood stopt in my veins when I heard one of the horsemen, who was near him, say, 'Let him scratch himself as long as the itching continues, but drive off these people. All this weeping and lamentation make me mad. There must be no pity here: and who is this woman who causes all this crying? Let them take her away.'

"I knew the voice of the queen; it was Agnes, disguised as a knight. 'It is the wife of Wart,' said a third voice. 'Yesterday evening, during the execution, we took her with us to Kybourn; but she ran away from us, and we thought that despair had instigated her to throw herself into the ditch of the castle. God, what a woman! what conjugal fidelity! Leave her alone—it is impossible to force her away.' I here recognised the good young Landenberg. I could have thrown myself at his feet. Agnes made a sign to one of her equerries to take me up, and remove me from the wheel. As he approached me, I passed my two arms round the post, and implored the *coup de grace*, both for Wart and myself. Two men attempted to carry me away by force. I cried to God, and he heard me.

"Landenberg, though a faithful subject of the house of Austria, had courage again to speak for me. 'Let her alone,' said he; 'the sun never shone upon constancy equal to hers: the angels themselves may rejoice in heaven at seeing it.' Then they left me quiet. The horsemen took their departure. One of them said something to the executioner, which I did not understand.

"The confessor, who had rigidly performed his duty, and had punctually executed the orders of the queen, now gave way to the sentiments of humanity. I saw the tears running from his eyes. 'I can hold it no longer, noble lady,' said he; 'you have conquered me: even if the world should forget your name, it will shine, at least, among those of the holy martyrs. Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life!'" What had I done to deserve that these magnificent words should be applied to me? He gave me his hand, and went away.

"The people gradually dispersed: the executioner, and the guard who was stationed at the entrance of the meadow, remained alone. The sun was set—there was every appearance of a dead calm; but soon a storm of wind arose, which seemed to stifle my prayers.

"One of the guards brought me a large cloak, to protect me against the inclemency of the weather, with which I covered the mutilated and frozen limbs of my husband. His lips were dry and contracted; I brought him water in my shoe. Dear Margareta, when I reflect on these most horrible moments I am at

a loss to comprehend how I could have strength to support myself for more than forty hours without any nourishment.

"No doubt the saints and the holy angels invisibly supported me, while I lay and prayed under the wheel on which the beloved of my heart was suffering the agonies of death.

"During all this time I may truly say that my soul was with God. Every sigh, every groan of Rodolph, pierced my heart; but I called to mind the Mother of our Saviour, under the cross of her divine Son. I encouraged myself by thinking of the mother of the Macabees, of the apostles, and of the martyrs of our holy religion. I derived strength from the thought 'that the afflictions of this life would be succeeded by an eternal weight of glory'; in a word, I found myself inconceivably fortified by the consciousness of a firm and determined will. I knew what I would do, and for whom I suffered. If, in the beginning, Wart pressed me to leave him, saying, that the sight of me augmented his sufferings, he now tenderly thanked me for not having abandoned him. He derived strength and consolation from my prayers.

"During the second night, the executioner heard somebody call him by his name. He left us, and soon returned with a pensive look, and placed himself on his bed of straw.

"I cannot speak too much in praise of this man. In the most distressing moments he stood my friend. When night had thrown its dark mantle over us, it was he who put together the pieces of wood, to enable me to get on the wheel. Yes, Margareta, though he was the murderer of my husband, I thought I could have embraced him.

"Excuse me, I beseech you, from detailing the particulars of the morning and noon of the last day. Some hours before sunset, Rodolph made a motion with his head; I jumped up, and leaned over him. I collected his last words, which were hardly intelligible: 'Gertrude, thou hast been faithful to me unto death!' At these words his eyes closed, his heart ceased to beat and to suffer. He died while I was praying. I fell on my knees under the wheel, and thanked God that he had given me grace to be faithful unto death."

This work is rather made to be felt than criticised; but it were injustice to the translator, were we not to commend his part: he has done much for the interest of this most affecting story; which, by the by, we are not sure we have not noticed long ago, under some other shape. But even if so, it will bear repetition.

*Devotional Verses, founded on, and illustrative of Select Texts of Scripture.* By Bernard Barton. 12mo. pp. 252. London, 1826. B. J. Holdsworth.\*

We take up a volume by this poet with the most kindly feeling; we appreciate the poetical talent, and we respect the amiable and genuine spirit his works ever evince. Giving all possible credit to his fine and pure mind, we trust we shall stand excused if we do not think its powers always directed in the best possible manner. In the production before us we certainly consider the intention and execution better than the plan itself. We hope we shall not come under the denomination of those whom Mr. Barton reproaches as reading the Bible in mere mental gratification, when we say that we never yet met with poetry, founded on

\* The price of this volume was mis-quoted in our last week's list of new works: it is only 6s. 6d.

Scripture subjects, at all equal to the Scripture itself. In illustrating, with a few verses, texts equally remarkable for their simplicity and beauty, our pious minstrel has not done either them or himself justice: in many instances the jingle of rhyme quite destroys the sublimity; in others, the train of thought would belong almost as well to any thing else. In some instances we must say he has, from just line, a word, a precept, awakened thoughts and feelings any thing but lost in his poetry. The following verses will exemplify our meaning:—

“THE PHILISTINE CHAMPION.

“And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span.”—*1 Samuel, xvii. 4.*

“Though he of Gath no more  
The living God defy,  
Champions like him of yore  
Satan can now supply.  
“The champions he can call,  
Though hid from mortal sight,  
Are deadlier in their thrall  
Than that fierce giant's might.  
“They rise not in the field  
Of war, with warlike mien;  
But in the heart conceal'd,  
They fight for him unseen.  
“Lust, with its wanton eye,  
False shame, and servile fear,  
Despair, whose icy sight  
Would freeze Contrition's tear:—  
“Doubt, with its scornful jest,  
Pride, with its haughty brow,—  
These, lurking in the breast,  
Are sin's Goliaths now.  
“Vainly our strength we boast,  
Or reason triumphs tell,  
Sin's hydra-headed host  
Arms not our own must quell.  
“Behold, then, these alone  
God's world and grace bestow;  
Faith's simple sling and stone  
Shall lay each giant low.”

Let not Mr. Barton suppose we advise against religious themes; he has before shewn how beautifully poetry and piety blend; but he has chosen a more judicious method than, as it were, versifying themes from sermon texts. Let him, as he did, touch the sweet, still chords that link humanity; look on the beauty of nature in the spirit of thanksgiving; and make poetry a visible sign, uniting heavenly and earthly things;—in short, only let him do what he has done, and can do again—we shall be proud to give our cordial praise.

*German Popular Stories, &c.* Collected by M. M. Grimm. Vol. 2. 12mo. pp. 257. London, 1826. J. Robins.

Or the first volume of this entertaining publication we spoke very favourably; and what with the German varieties in this sequel of well-known nursery tales, and the clever designs of George Cruikshank, certain it is that volume the second deserves almost equal praise. Nor should we thus qualify our opinion, were it not that the new collection partakes more of the general character of fairy stories, and less of German peculiarities, than its precursor; and, to our taste, the latter quality was the chief distinguishing feature and recommendation of the work.

The tales are twenty-four in number, including the famous Thumbling, and nearly as famous Asputref—*the Cinderella of our continental neighbours*; but as *Hans in Love* is more national and original, we shall prefer copying it, as an example, to the selection of any of higher merit in other respects.

“There was once (says the *Legends*\*) a little maid named Grettel: she wore shoes with red

\* We employ the plural, for this history is made up of *Die Kluge Gisthel, der gescheide Hans, and Die faule Spinnerin.*

heels, and when she went abroad she turned out her toes, and was very merry, and thought to herself, ‘What a pretty girl I am!’ And when she came home, to put herself in good spirits, she would tipple down a drop or two of wine; and as wine gives a relish for eating, she would take a taste of every thing when she was cooking, saying ‘A cook ought to know whether a thing tastes well.’ It happened one day that her master said, ‘Grettel, this evening I have a friend coming to sup with me; get two fine fowls ready.’ ‘Very well, sir,’ said Grettel. Then she killed the fowls, plucked, and trussed them, put them on the spit, and, when evening came, put them to the fire to roast. The fowls turned round and round, and soon began to look nice and brown; but the guest did not come. Then Grettel cried out, ‘Master, if the guest does not come, I must take up the fowls; but it will be a shame and a pity if they are not eaten while they are hot and good.’ ‘Well,’ said her master, ‘I'll run and tell him to come.’ As soon as he had turned his back, Grettel stopped the spit, and laid it with the fowls upon it on one side, and thought to herself, ‘Standing by the fire makes one very tired and thirsty; who knows how long they will be? Meanwhile, I will just step into the cellar and take a drop.’ So off she ran, put down her pitcher, and said, ‘Your health, Grettel,’ and took a good draught. ‘This wine is a good friend,’ said she to herself; ‘it breaks one's heart to leave it.’ Then up she trotted, put the fowls down to the fire, spread some butter over them, and turned the spit merrily round again.

The fowls soon smelt so good, that she thought to herself, ‘They are very good, but they may want something still; I had better taste them, and see.’ So she licked her fingers, and said, ‘O! how good! what a shame and a pity that they are not eaten!’ Away she ran to the window, to see if her master and his friend were coming; but nobody was in sight: so she turned to the fowls again, and thought it would be better for her to eat a wing than that it should be burnt. So she cut one wing off, and ate it, and it tasted very well; and as the other was quite done enough, she thought it had better be cut off, or else her master would see one was wanting. When the two wings were gone, she went again to look out for her master, but could not see him. ‘Ah!’ thought she to herself, ‘who knows whether they will come at all? very likely they have turned into some tavern: O Grettel! Grettel! make yourself happy, take another draught, and eat the rest of the fowl; it looks so oddly as it is; when you have eaten all, you will be easy: why should such good things be wasted?’ So she ran once more to the cellar, took another drink, and ate up the rest of the fowl with the greatest glee.

Still her master did not come, and she cast a lingering eye upon the other fowl, and said, ‘Where the other went, this had better go too; they belong to each other; they who have a right to one must have a right to the other; but if I were to take another draught first, it would not hurt me.’ So she tipped down another drop of wine, and sent the second fowl to look after the first. While she was making an end of this famous meal, her master came home, and called out, ‘Now quick, Grettel, my friend is just at hand!’ ‘Yes, master, I will dish up this minute,’ said she. In the mean time he looked to see if the cloth was laid, and took up the carving-knife to sharpen it. Whilst this was going on, the guest came and knocked softly and gently at the house door: then

Grettel ran to see who was there, and when she saw him, she put her finger upon her lips, and said, ‘Hush! hush! run away as fast as you can; for if my master catches you, it will be worse for you: he owes you a grudge, and asked you to supper only that he might cut off your ears; only listen how he is sharpening his knife.’ The guest listened, and when he heard the knife, he made as much haste as he could down the steps, and ran off. Grettel was not idle in the mean time, but ran screaming, ‘Master! master! what a fine guest you have asked to supper!’ ‘Why, Grettel, what's the matter?’ ‘Oh!’ says she, ‘he has taken both the fowls that I was going to bring up, and has run away with them.’ ‘That is a rascally trick to play,’ said the master, sorry to lose the fine chickens: ‘at least, he might have left me one, that I might have had something to eat; call out to him to stay.’ But the guest would not hear; so he ran after him with his knife in his hand, crying out, ‘One one, only one; I want only one;’ meaning that the guest should leave him one of the fowls, and not take both: but he thought that his host meant nothing less than that he would cut off at least one of his ears; so he ran away to save them both, as if he had hot coals under his feet.

*Hans in love.*

“Hans's mother says to him, ‘Whither so fast?’ ‘To see Grettel,’ says Hans. ‘Behave well.’ ‘Very well: Good-bye, mother!’ Hans comes to Grettel; ‘Good day, Grettel!’ ‘Good day, Hans! do you bring me any thing good?’ ‘Nothing at all: have you any thing for me?’ Grettel gives Hans a needle. Hans says, ‘Good-bye, Grettel!’ ‘Good-bye, Hans!’ Hans takes the needle, sticks it in a truss of hay, and takes both off home. ‘Good evening, mother!’ ‘Good evening, Hans! where have you been?’ ‘To see Grettel.’ ‘What did you take her?’ ‘Nothing at all.’ ‘What did she give you?’ ‘She gave me a needle.’ ‘Where is it, Hans?’ ‘Stuck in the truss.’ ‘How silly you are! you should have stuck it in your sleeve.’ ‘Let me alone! I'll do better next time.’

“‘Where now, Hans?’ ‘To see Grettel, mother.’ ‘Behave yourself well.’ Grettel gives Hans a knife. ‘Good-bye, Grettel!’ ‘Good-bye, Hans!’ Hans takes the knife, sticks it in his sleeve, and goes home. ‘Good evening, mother!’ ‘Good evening, Hans! where have you been?’ ‘To see Grettel.’ ‘What did you carry her?’ ‘Nothing at all.’ ‘What has she given you?’ ‘A knife.’ ‘Where is the knife, Hans?’ ‘Stuck in my sleeve, mother.’ ‘You silly goose! you should have put it in your pocket.’ ‘Let me alone! I'll do better next time.’

“‘Where now, Hans?’ ‘To see Grettel,’ &c.; this time she gives him a kid. ‘Where is the kid, Hans?’ ‘Safe in my pocket.’ ‘You silly goose! you should have led it with a string.’ ‘Never mind, mother: I'll do better next time.’

“‘Where now, Hans?’ ‘To Grettel's, mother.’ ‘Behave well,’ &c. Grettel gives Hans a piece of bacon; Hans ties the bacon to a string, and drags it behind him; the dog comes after and eats it all up as he walks home. ‘Good evening, mother!’ ‘Good evening, Hans! where have you been?’ ‘To Grettel's.’ ‘What did you take her?’ ‘Nothing at all.’ ‘What did she give you?’ ‘A piece of bacon.’ ‘Where is the bacon, Hans?’ ‘Tied to the string, and dragged home, but somehow or other all gone.’ ‘What a silly trick, Hans! you should have brought it on your head.’ ‘Never mind, mother: I'll do better another time.’

"Where now, Hans?" "Going to Grettel." "Take care of yourself." Grettel gives Hans a calf. Hans sets it upon his head, and it kicks him in the face. "Where is the calf, Hans?" "I put it on my head, and it scratched my face." "You silly goose! you should have led it home and put it in the stall." "Very well: I'll do better another time."

"Where now, Hans?" "To see Grettel." "Mind and behave well." "Good-bye, mother!" Hans comes to Grettel; "Good day, Grettel!" "Good day, Hans! what have you brought?" "Nothing at all: have you any thing for me?" "I'll go home with you." Hans ties a string round her neck, leads her along, and ties her up in the stall. "Good evening, mother!" "Good evening, Hans! where have you been?" "At Grettel's." "What has she given you?" "She has come herself." "Where have you put her?" "In the stall with plenty of hay." "How silly you are! you should have taken good care of her, and brought her home." Then Hans went back to the stall; and Grettel was in a great rage, and had got loose and run away; yet, after all, she was Hans's bride.

*Hans married.*

Hans and Grettel lived in the village together, but Grettel did as she pleased, and was so lazy that she never would work; and when her husband gave her any yarn to spin she did it in a slovenly way; and when it was spun she did not wind it on the reel, but left it to lie all tangled about. Hans sometimes scolded, but she was always before-hand with her tongue, and said, "Why should I wind it when I have no reel? go into the wood and make one." "If that's all," said he, "I will go into the wood and cut reel-sticks." Then Grettel was frightened lest when he had cut the sticks he should make a reel, and thus she would be forced to wind the yarn and spin again. So she pondered a while, till at last a bright thought came into her head, and she ran slyly after her husband into the wood. As soon as he had got into a tree and began to bend down a bough to cut it, she crept into the bush below, where he could not see her, and sung:

"Bend not the bough;  
Who bends it shall die!  
Reel not the reel;  
He who reels it shall die!"

Hans listened a while, laid down his axe, and thought to himself, "What can that be?" "What indeed can it be?" said he at last: "it is only a singing in your ears, Hans! pluck up your heart, man!" So he raised up his axe again, and took hold of the bough, but once more the voice sung:

"Bend not the bough! &c.

Once more he stopped his hand; fear came over him, and he began pondering what it could mean. After a while, however, he plucked up his courage again, and took up his axe and began for the third time to cut the wood; and again the third time began the song—

"Bend not the bough! &c.

At this he could hold no longer; down he dropped from the tree, and set off homewards as fast as he could. Away, too, ran Grettel by a shorter cut, so as to reach home first, and when he opened the door met him quite innocently, as if nothing had happened, and said, "Well! have you brought a good piece of wood for the reel?" "No," said he, "I see plainly that no luck comes of that reel;" and then he told her all that had happened, and left her for that time in peace.

But soon afterwards Hans began again to

reproach her with the untidiness of her house. "Wife," said he, "is it not a sin and a shame that the spun yarn should lie all about in that way?" "It may be so," said she; "but you know very well that we have no reel; if it must be done, lie down there, and hold up your hands and legs, and so I'll make a reel of you, and wind off the yarn into skeins." "Very well," said Hans (who did not much like the job, but saw no help for it if his wife was to be set to work); so he did as she said, and when all was wound, "The yarn is all in skeins," said he; "now take care and get up early and heat the water and boil it well, so that it may be ready for sale." Grettel disliked this part of the work very much, but said to him, "Very well, I'll be sure to do it very early to-morrow morning." But all the time she was thinking to herself what plan she should take for getting off such work for the future.

Bedtimes in the morning she got up, made the fire, and put on the boiler; but instead of the yarn she laid a large ball of tow in it, and let it boil. Then she went up to her husband, who was still in bed, and said to him, "I must go out, pray look meantime to the yarn in the boiler over the fire; but do it soon, and take good care, for if the cock crows and you are not looking to it, they say it will turn to tow." Hans soon after got up that he might run no risk, and went (but not perhaps as quickly as he might have done) into the kitchen, and when he lifted up the boiler lid and looked in, to his great terror, nothing was there but a ball of tow. Then off he slunk as dumb as a mouse, for he thought to himself that he was to blame for his laziness; and left Grettel to get on with her yarn and her spinning as fast as she pleased, and no faster.

One day, however, he said to her, "Wife, I must go a little way this morning; do you go into the field and cut the corn." "Yes, to be sure, dear Hans!" said she: so when he was gone she cooked herself a fine mess, and took it with her into the field. When she came into the field, she sat down for a while, and said to herself, "What shall I do? shall I sleep first or eat first? Heigho! I'll first eat a bit." Then she ate her dinner heartily, and when she had had enough she said again to herself, "What shall I do? shall I reap first or sleep first? Heigho! I'll first sleep a bit." So she laid herself down among the corn and went fast asleep. By and by Hans came home, but no Grettel was to be seen; and he said to himself, "What a clever wife I have! she works so hard that she does not even come home to her dinner!" Evening came, and still she did not come; then Hans set off to see how much of the corn was reaped; but there it all stood untouched, and Grettel lay fast asleep in the middle. So he ran home, and got a string of little bells, and tied them quietly round her waist, and went back, and set himself down on his stool, and locked the house door.

At last Grettel woke when it was quite dark, and as she rose up the bells jingled around her every step she took. At this she was greatly frightened, and puzzled to tell whether she was really Grettel or not. "Is it I, or is it not?" said she as she stood doubting what she ought to think. At last, after she had pondered a while, she thought to herself, "I will go home and ask if it is I or not; Hans will know." So she ran to the house door, and when she found it locked she knocked at the window, and cried out, "Hans! is Grettel within?" "She is where she ought to be, to be sure," said Hans. "O dear then!"

said she, frightened, "this is not I." Then away she went, and knocked at the neighbours' doors; but when they heard her bells rattling no one would let her in, and so at last off she ran back to the field again."

Such are the stories which entertain old and young—the young by their novelty, and the old by their associations with the memory of other days. Literary criticism is not required on a production of this kind; but the translators should be warned against a few careless slips which they have allowed to escape; such, for instance, as making "an old cheese," at page 58, "quite new," at page 59, where the gist of the tale rests upon that circumstance; and the vile use of the vulgarism "laid," at page 120. In general, however, the translation seems to be well done; and kings, with the usual compliment of three sons; princes of proper obstinacy, determined to obtain possession of whatever they wish for; giants and other righteous characters; magical changes and similar natural incidents, figure as bravely in the English as in the German tongue. In one case there is an unintentional moral, which we beg to point out for the benefit of our fair readers. A lover, the Huntsman, in *The Salad*, converts his mistress into an ass, but afterwards marries her: and this is precisely what modern lovers often do by flattery instead of magic—perhaps without coming to so good a conclusion, for, according to the fairy tale, "they lived together very happily till they died."

The Nose, the Elfin-grove, and, indeed, all the cuts, are capital. What an inventor for the humours of a pantomime would this artist make!

*Entomology:* by Kirby and Spence. Vols. 3d and last. Second notice.

In our first reference to this interesting work after enumerating its various component parts, we entered, as far as our limits permitted, into the strange history of insect secretions—such as silk, wax, honey, oil, poison. We still, however, left some remarkable portions of this subject untouched, to which we think our readers will advert with satisfaction, as farther illustrations of the research and observation of our authors. Insects secrete also *odorous fluids* and *vapours*; and it is stated—

The powerful scents which different insects emit are extremely numerous, much more so indeed than the generality of entomologists have been aware, for there is scarcely a scent odious or agreeable that may not be met with in the insect world. This you will be convinced of by following a practice which I would recommend to you—that of smelling the insects you take. Some of these scents are peculiar to particular parts or organs, and some are exhaled generally by the whole body; some are emitted by a fluid secretion, and others are gaseous effluvia. Many beetles emit an agreeable scent. The rose-scented capricorn or musk-beetle (*callichroma moschatum*) has long been noted for the delicious scent of roses which it exhales; this is so powerful as to fill a whole apartment, and the insect retains it long after its death. Captain Hancock also informed me that another species of the same genus, *callichroma sericeum*, has in a high degree a scent resembling that of the cedar on which they feed. Though most of the micropterous tribes (*Staphylinus* L.) have a *felid* smell, yet there are some exceptions to this amongst them. One species (*S. suaveolens* K. M.S.) related to *S. micans* Grav., which I once took, smelt precisely like a fine high-scented ripe pear; another, *oxytelus morsitanus*,

like the water-lily; a third, *O. rugosus*, like water-cresses; and lastly, a fourth (*S. fuscipes*), like saffron: *trichius eremita*, one of the *hæmilocornis*, is stated to have the scent of Russia leather; *geotrupes vernalis*, in spite of its stercoarious food, of lavender-water. Mr. Shepperd has observed that *dytiscus marginatus* when recently taken smells not unlike liquorice: Bonnet mentions a caterpillar that had the scent of new hay. A little gall-fly (*cynips quercus ramuli L.*) has the remarkable odour of Fraxinella: the larva of another species of this genus (*C. rosea*) has an odour which seemed to Reaumur as attractive to cats as that of *nepeta cataria* or *teucrium marum*: some *phalangia* smell like walnut leaves; and the various species of the genus *prosopis* (*metella* b. k.) have a very agreeable scent of *draconophalum moldavicum*."

How wonderful are these varieties in nature! So that we might parody Shakspere and say—  
"A capricorn-beetle by any other name would smell as sweet."

The fetid fluids and odours are equally numerous and curious; but, perhaps, the *perspiration* of insects is one of their properties, which is here investigated in the most novel manner.

"That a considerable quantity of fluid passes off from them when in the pupa state, is sufficiently proved by the loss of weight which they undergo, and by the experiments of Reaumur, who collected the fluid in closed glass tubes: and that in their perfect state they are constantly passing off perspirable matter by the pores of their skin or crust, is not only rendered probable by the succulent nature of their food and the absence of any urinary discharge, but is proved by what takes place in a swarm of bees. These insects, when crowded together in hot weather in a large mass, become heated to such a degree, and perspire so copiously, that those near the bottom are quite drenched with the moisture it produces, which so relaxes their wings that they are unable to fly."

In the *reproduction* of insects there are also some extraordinary anomalies.

"If you take a young female *aphis* at the moment of its birth, and rigorously seclude it from all intercourse with its kind, only providing it with proper food, it will produce a brood of young ones: and not only this; but if one of these be treated in the same way, a similar result will ensue, and so on, at least to the *fifth* generation!! to which period Bonnet, who first made an accurate series of observations on this almost miraculous fact, successfully carried his experiments, till the approach of winter and the want of proper food forced him to desist; and Lyonnet extended it still further."

There are other facts connected with this branch of the inquiry altogether as extraordinary, and the author's concluding remarks upon them hint at a new and very striking theory. It is said—

"I have already, in several of my former letters, stated to you what the modern doctrine of physiologists is with respect to certain individuals, usually forming the most numerous part of the community with insects living in society, that were formerly supposed to be *neuters*, or as to their sex neither male nor female—that they are in almost every instance a kind of abortive females, fed with a different and less stimulating food than that appropriated to those whose ovaries are to be developed, and in consequence, in most in-

stances, incapable of conception. Upon these sterile females, you also heard, devolve in general the principal labours of their respective colonies, showing the beneficent design of PROVIDENCE in exempting them from sexual cares and desires, and meriting for them the more appropriate name, now generally used, of *workers*. The differences in the structure of the female bee and the workers were also then accounted for; and similar reasoning may be had recourse to with regard to those of ants, in which the worker and the female differ still more materially. My reason for introducing this subject here, is to observe to you that I have some grounds for thinking that this system extends further than is usually supposed, and that to each species in some *coleopterous* and other genera there are certain individuals intermediate between the male and female; this I seem to have observed more especially in *copris* and *onthophagus*. For in almost every British species in my cabinet of these genera I possess such an individual, distinguished particularly by having a horn on the head longer than that of the female, but much shorter than that of the male. I once observed a pair of *patinotoma oloracea*, a very pretty bug, both sexes being ornamented with white spots, and by them stood a third distinguished from them by red ones. I do not, however, build on this circumstance, though singular; but mention it merely that you may keep it in your eye. It would be curious, should it turn up, that, to answer some particular end of PROVIDENCE, in some tribes of insects there are two kinds of *males*, as in the gregarious ones two descriptions of *females*."

Pursuing the investigation of the internal anatomy of these minute wonders in creation, we come to the following descriptive and entertaining account:—

"Having laid before you all of importance that I can collect with regard to the apparatus of muscles discoverable in insects, I shall next say something upon a few other points connected with that subject. When I enlarged upon their *motions*, I related a few instances of the extraordinary power of that apparatus in *leaping* ones; but this power is not confined to that circumstance. The *lea*, not more remarkable for its compressed form, enabling it to glide between the hairs of animals, and its elastic coat of mail, by which it can resist the ordinary pressure of the fingers, than for its muscular strength, has attracted notice on this account from ancient times. Mousset relates that an ingenious English mechanic, named Mark, made a golden chain of the length of a finger, with a lock and key, which was dragged by a flea;—he had heard of another that was harnessed to a golden chariot, which it drew with the greatest ease. Another English workman made an ivy conch with six horses, a coachman on the seat with a dog between his legs, a postillion, four persons in the coach, and four lacqueys behind—which also was dragged by a single flea. At such a spectacle one would hardly know which most to admire, the strength and agility of the insect, or the patience of the workman. Latreille mentions a flea of a moderate size dragging a silver cannon on wheels, that was twenty-four times its own weight, which, being charged with powder, was fired without the flea appearing alarmed. Many caterpillars are accustomed to extend their bodies from a twig, supported merely by the four hind feet, in one fixed attitude, either in an oblique, horizontal, or vertical direction, either upwards or downwards, and that for four hours together. We

may conceive what prodigious muscular force must be exerted upon this occasion, by reflecting that the most expert rope-dancer, though endued with the power of grasping with his feet, like bird with his claws, could not maintain himself in a horizontal position even for an instant. Bradley asserts that he has seen a stag-beetle carry a wand half a yard long and half an inch thick, and fly with it several yards. Some insects have the faculty of resisting pressure in a wonderful degree. If you take a common dung-chafier (*geotrupes*) in your hand and press it with all your strength, you will find with what wonderful force it resists you; and that you can scarcely overcome the counteraction, and retain the insect in your hand: was [were] it not for this quality, the grub of the gad-fly must be crushed probably in passing through the anal sphincter of the horse. But that of *elophilus tenax* affords a more surprising instance of this power of counteraction:—an inhabitant of muddy pools, it has occasionally been taken up with the water used in paper-making, and strange to say, according to Linnae, has resisted, without injury, the immense pressure given to the surrounding pulp: like *leather-coat Jack*, mentioned by Mr. Bell, who, from a similar force of muscle, could suffer carriages to drive over him without receiving any injury. Almost as remarkable is the state of extreme relaxation into which the muscles of some larvae fall, when their animation is suspended; and the revived tension to which a subsequent resumption of the vital powers restores them. Bonnet having suspended the animation of the caterpillar of *sphinx ligustris*, by keeping it submerged, squeezed it between his fingers, until it had wholly lost its cylindrical form, and was as flat and supple as the empty finger of a glove; yet in less than an hour the very same caterpillar became as firm, as compact, as cylindrical, and, in short, as well as though it had never been submitted to treatment so rough.

"It is fortunate that animals of a large size, as has been well remarked, especially noxious ones, have not been endowed with a muscular power proportionable to that of insects. A *cockchafer*, respect being had to their size, would be six times stronger than a *horse*; and if the *elephant*, as Linnae has observed, was strong in proportion to the *stag-beetle*, it would be able to pull up rocks by the root, and to level mountains. Were the *lion* and the *tiger* as strong and as swift for their magnitude as the *cicindela* and the *carabus*, nothing could have escaped them by precaution, or withstood them by strength. Could the *viper* and the *rattlesnake* move with a rapidity and force equivalent to that of the *Iulus* and *scolopendra*, who could have avoided their venomous bite? But the CREATOR in these little creatures has manifested his Almighty POWER, in shewing what he could have done had he so willed; and his GOODNESS in not creating the higher animals endued with powers and velocity upon the same scale with that of insects, which would probably have caused the early desolation of the world that he has made. From this instance we may conjecture, that after the resurrection, our bodies, by a change in the structure and composition of their muscular fibre—for we know that their locomotive powers and organs, as far as the muscle is concerned, will then be of a very different nature—may become fitted for motions and a potent agency of which we have now no conception.

"This wonderful strength of insects is,

doubtless, the result of something peculiar in the structure and arrangement of their muscles, and principally their extraordinary power of contraction, excited by the extent of their respiration: for animals that respire but little, as the fetus in the womb and the pullet in the egg, have very little contractile muscular power. To get some idea from facts of this extraordinary contractile power in insects,—extract the sting of a bee or wasp, with its muscles, which appear to be attached to powerful cartilaginous plates, and you will find it continue for a long time to dart forth its spicula, almost as powerfully as when moved by the will of the animal. A still more extraordinary instance of irritability is exhibited by the *antlia*, or instrument of suction of the butterfly. If this organ, which the insect can roll up spirally like a watch-spring or extend in a straight direction, be cut off as soon as the animal is disclosed from the chrysalis, it will continue to roll up and unroll itself as if still attached to its head: and if, after having apparently ceased to move for three or four hours, it be merely touched, it will again begin to move and resume the same action. This surprising irritability and contractility of muscle doubtless depends upon the peculiar structure of the *antlia*, which is composed of an infinite number of horny rings, acted upon by muscles, more numerous probably than those which move the trunk of the elephant. The motion only ceases when the muscles become dry and rigid."

During the *annual* sleep of insects an intermission of muscular motion and action takes place; and their *diurnal* states of repose also afford some singular phenomena. The author observes—

"That insects, usually so incessantly busy and moving in every direction, require their intervals of repose, seems to call for no proof. We see some that appear only in the *day*, and others only in the *night*, others again only at certain hours; which leads to the conclusion, that when they withdraw from action and observation it is to devote themselves to rest and sleep. The cockchafer flies only in the evening: but if you chance to meet with it roosting in a tree in the earlier part of the day, you will find it perfectly still and motionless, with its antennae folded and applied to the breast:—we cannot indeed say that its eyes are shut; for, as insects have no eyelids, that sign of sleep can never be found in them. Again, if a lepidopterist goes into the wood to capture moths in the day-time, he finds them often perched on the lichens that cover the north side of the trunk of a tree, with their wings and antennae folded, and themselves without motion, and insensible of his approach and their own danger. Some, however, have asserted that the caterpillar of the silk-worm, except when they moult, never intermits feeding day or night, and consequently does not sleep: but the accuracy of this statement, both from analogy and observation, admits of great doubt. Malpighi informs us that these caterpillars, for an hour and more, twice a day, remain immovable, with their heads bent down as though asleep, and even, if disturbed, resume again the same inactive posture; and other larva in great numbers certainly seem to have regular intermissions from eating of considerable duration: those called geometers, for hours together remain motionless projected from a twig, to which they adhere by their posterior prolegs alone; and the processionary caterpillars make only *nocturnal* sorties from their nests, passing the day in inaction and

repose. Bees have been often seen by Huber, when apparently wearied with exertion, even in the middle of the day, to insert the half of their bodies into an empty cell, and remain there, as if taking a nap, without motion for half an hour or longer; and at night they regularly muster in a state of sleep-like silence. Instances of other bees that appear to sleep have before been mentioned. Mr. Brightwell once observed an individual living specimen of *halicta concinna*, which appeared to remain motionless on the same spot of a wall for three successive days."

But we also need repose; and request to be allowed a nap on these volumes, till, at soonest, Saturday next.

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*An Inquiry into the Moral Character of Lord Byron.* By J. W. Simmons. 8vo. pp. 99. London, 1826. J. Cochran.

A VERY clever essay upon *nothing*; for Lord Byron had no moral character to inquire into. By a rapid glance at the history of persons of genius, the writer shews what nobody that ever felt a spark of genius, what nobody but dolts insensible of the meaning of the word genius, ever questioned, or could question,—that such persons were more susceptible of wretchedness than your every-day, common people of the earth. But are they not also susceptible of a more refined and exalted happiness? In short, is it not possible for the possessors of good great intellects to be happy; and do not bad great minds only follow the general rule in being otherwise? Lord Byron is proved to have been, what none denied, a man of extraordinary talent, and of deep, deep poetical feeling. Too sensitive of literary fame to be deemed truly magnanimous as an eminent literary character, his private life, licentiousness, pride, and misanthropy (real or assumed), gave a tone to his compositions full of that force which brought them home to every understanding; and in this vigour his fame consists. Why the writer should abuse Mr. Moore for destroying a MS. which would have destroyed his dead friend's memory, we cannot tell. It is a fierce tirade, yet with matter in it which Mr. Moore would do well to explain in any publication he may contemplate of memoirs of Lord Byron.

*Les Gens comme il faut, et les Petites Gens.* Par L. B. Picard. 2 tomes. Paris.

In good truth, M. Picard was made for the age, and the age for him; he seizes upon the ridiculous:—“les fâts, les frivoles, les intrigantes,” with the words of Molière, “c'est mon bien: je le prends partout où je le trouve;” and certainly he makes the most of it. France presented a curious scene, well calculated to call all the petty passions and absurdities of our nature into action. *La vieille noblesse*, proud of its parchment ancestors—*la nouvelle noblesse*, no less proud of its wealth—are brought into most amusing contrast. This work is one of those magic glasses most excellently contrived “to body forth the body of the time, its form and pressure;” in short, we recommend these volumes to any one who reads French without a dictionary, and who stands in want of an evening's amusement.

*The Punster's Pocket-Book, &c.* 12mo. pp. 176. London, 1826. Sherwood and Co.

WITH some humorous original designs by R. Cruikshank, and some good tail-pieces copied from old engraved gems and emblems, this volume may be entitled to pass into the ordinary current of circulation for which it seems to

have been intended, in spite of its being so largely indebted to that art which is called re-printing, and reprinting too some of the effusions which were hardly tolerable a century ago (even when brightened by the wit of Swift and his associates), and are still more offensive to the outward propriety, if not the virtue of the present time. Of the modern matter two brief specimens may be adduced as the best we have encountered:—

“Some one observed, ‘*Matches* are made in heaven.’ ‘Yes,’ answered another, ‘and they are very often *dipped* in the other place.’”

“On the new crown piece, the sovereign's name being cut George III. and not, as heretofore, George IV. with a laurel wreath:—

“Pistrucci, in thine art divine,  
Thou never wast more clever:  
Long may the laurel mark our sovereign's line,  
But may the I.V. never.”

*The Tourist's Grammar; or, Rules relating to the Scenery and Antiquities incident to Travellers, &c. &c.* By the Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke. 12mo. pp. 230. London, 1826. J. Nichols and Son.

Or this extremely useful little volume, not only for travellers and antiquarians, but for the readers of travels and antiquarian researches, we need merely say that it comprises the essence of Gilpin and other writers on the picturesque; and that, being arranged in alphabetical order, it is an excellent book of reference for strange terms in art, antiquities, &c. There is information in every page of it; and it is one of those good works which contain much intelligence in small compass, and at a small price.

*The Geography of the Globe, &c.* 12mo. pp. 356. By J. Olding Butler. London, 1826. Harvey and Darton, &c.

THIS is a very useful book for young people. Convinced, from practical experience, of its expediency, the author has combined much miscellaneous information with the elementary systematic branches of instruction; and thus made history, biography, &c. to go hand in hand with topography and geography. This plan is ably executed; and the effect is commensurate with the pains that have been taken.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE POOR GREEKS.

COLONEL STANHOPE having done us the honour to address to us the letter which appeared in the last *Literary Gazette*, we allowed it to go fairly before the public, and to enjoy a week's circulation, without comment or argument. This will, we trust, be accepted by the gallant and honourable writer as a proof of the candour with which we are disposed to treat the question at issue; a question of such deep interest to every educated man, that we cannot think a few columns of the *Literary Gazette* misapplied to it; a question exciting the best feelings of Europe; and a question, we regret to repeat, so treated by some, with whom our correspondent has been acting, that we can only reiterate upon it and them our exclamation—the poor Greeks! the poor Greeks! We hope the gallant colonel to whom we never imputed aught but an honest, perhaps Quixotic, enthusiasm, will excuse us for not addressing the following remarks to him. We throw them into the form of notes, as being capable of more compression; and we speak directly to no individual. If there should happen to be any wincing, we at least do not point to the withers.

Although the gallant colonel's letter may exculpate him from all imputation as to the

motives of his own conduct, and prove the purity of his intentions, it does not, in any degree, convince us that there has not been gross mismanagement in other quarters.

Admitting, as all those who knew any thing of the state of Greece in the early part of 1823 must do, that it was totally impossible to continue the contest without pecuniary aid, it merely remains to inquire, whether the state of the government was such as to justify the negotiation of a loan in this country? If it was, surely such arrangements ought to have been made, as would have enabled the Greeks to avail themselves of it before the commencement of the campaign, more especially as the first loan was contracted for, and the first instalment embarked, so early as March: it might have reached the seat of government in April, but was, by a most extraordinary want of prudence and foresight, sent to Zante: Of all the errors which have attended the transactions alluded to in a former Number of the Literary Gazette, the blunder of making one of the Ionian islands a depot for the Greek loan, and thus forcing the lord high commissioner to adopt the measure he did, of laying an embargo on it, is by far the most egregious. But the error did not stop here;—commissioners were named in London, who could never be brought to act in Greece before all the disasters of the campaign had taken place! The lamented Lord Byron had paid the debt of nature—Mr. Gordon was in England, and only meditating a visit to Greece—Colonel Napier, president or governor of Cephalonia, was also in England, consequently incompetent—Lazaro Condurrois was at Hydra, without the power of quitting the island for an hour\*—and the gallant colonel was attending a partial meeting of chiefs at Salma, when the money reached Zante!

This may well be said to have been one of the most critical periods of the contest. The captain pacha had already left the Dardanelles with a formidable fleet and large army; an expedition still more formidable was preparing at Alexandria; while several Turkish pachas were collecting armies at Prevesa, Joaniina, Larissa, and Negropont. Under such circumstances, it need not be wondered at, if the mere account of the arrival of the money at Zante electrified both the government and people: all naturally imagined that not a moment would be lost in supplying their immediate wants: messengers were despatched in every direction to convey the joyful tidings, and there was no longer a doubt but that the triumph of Greece was achieved. When, however, they heard of the obstacles which had unexpectedly arisen on the part of the authorities at Zante, and the conditions on which alone the gallant colonel could be induced to give up “one shilling” of the instalments,—conditions which we really think were completely impracticable, it is needless to say how altered the state of public feeling must have been. In short, unless the loan could be used, why was it negotiated? Why borrow the money first, and then set about ascertaining whether it could be employed or not? If the Greek government was not to be trusted, with what degree of decency, and for whom, was the fund raised? Really it seems as if the whole thing was a jobbing pretext—that no succour to Greece was ever intended—and that the inquisition of commissioners was

a mere piece of machinery to defeat every object which the real friends of that country could have desired to see accomplished. The government was, at all events, as good for the purpose of receiving and administering the loan, as for having it borrowed in its name, as pretended for its aid.

One observation will, perhaps, be sufficient to reply to that part of the gallant colonel's letter wherein he alludes to the advice he gave about the nomination of several of the military chiefs to places in the government. The conduct of every individual named by the colonel had been such as to excite the greatest distrust on the part of the patriots; and their rapacity on the subject of money was so notorious, that it would have been absolute madness to intrust such men with the control of the loan.

While we approve of the gallant colonel's intentions, with regard to fulfilling the duties imposed on him as a commissioner, we contend that it would have been advisable to send a part, at least, of the money deposited at Zante to the provisional government, menaced as it was on every side, without possessing any means whatever, either of sending out the fleet or setting a single soldier in motion. By a reference to the various statements on this subject, contained in Mr. Blaquier's “Second Visit,” we perceive that the strongest representations were transmitted to the holders of the money at Zante, both from the government and Mavrocordato, explaining the distressed state of the country, and the impossibility of commencing naval or military operations without immediate pecuniary aid. Now when we reflect, that the money arrived in the latter part of April, and that the catastrophe of Ipsara did not take place till the first week in July, we may safely put it to the gallant colonel, and to our readers generally, whether a supply of even 10,000£, which would have enabled the fleet to sail from Hydra, might not have saved that ill-fated island? We know that this is the universal impression in Greece; and have extremely to regret that the gallant colonel did not waive the considerations he has mentioned as having prevented him from acting, and insisted on the delivery of a portion of the money so injudiciously placed in the hands of Messrs. Banff and Lagotheti. It has been stated to us, that if, when the colonel reached Zante from Salona on the 12th of May, he had urged the depositaries above named, they would have yielded to his wishes, and given up the whole of the money, convinced, as they then were, that its being withheld might endanger the safety of all Greece. It was, however, while the correspondence, alluded to by the colonel, with Mr. Banff and his coadjutor was going on, that the proclamation of Sir Frederic Adam, interdicting them from giving up any part of the instalment, made its appearance; so that it was detained at Zante till the end of August, a period of nearly four months!!

If commissioners to regulate the application of the loan were necessary, why nominate men who never could meet together? Why, in the name of common sense, did not they send one or two commissioners out in the vessel which took the money, in order that they might negotiate directly with the government at Napoli di Romania? If this had been done, we really cannot persuade ourselves but that Ipsara would have been saved, and many other disasters of the campaign of 1824 avoided. We perfectly agree with the gallant colonel, that the Greeks have other wants besides that of money; but we consider his comparison of

present with past times, however classical, to be totally inapplicable. When the ancient Greeks routed the Persians, they had not only military discipline and fleets, but abundance of money; while the successes of their descendants over the Turks were achieved under much more favourable circumstances than those in which the colonel found them on his arrival. The truth is, Greece had been exhausted by three campaigns, during which immense sacrifices were made by the most opulent men in the country, more especially by the islanders, who, when they heard that a loan had been negotiated here, would no longer make any advances, alleging that they were absolutely unable to do so.

Having thus stated our opinion with the same candour as the gallant colonel himself, we are glad to perceive that he does not attempt to invalidate the statements we have already put forth relative to the mismanagement of the second Greek loan. The more we reflect on this subject, the more we are induced to exclaim—“poor Greeks!” Never was selfishness and mismanagement more apparent; and were it not for the interference of an authority which is desirous to save, rather than make a mercantile speculation of a whole people, God only knows what might have been their fate! Nor can we conclude without remarking on the injustice of accusing the Greeks of squandering and peculation, while it seems notorious that not more than 250,000£ in cash, out of loans amounting to nearly three millions, have ever reached Greece! The fact of there having been 150,000£ alienated during the last five months, for the purposes of an expedition which became impracticable in less than three weeks after its appropriation, is the best example we can possibly give of the manner in which the “poor Greeks” have been treated by some of their English friends!

What has become of the rest of this money? Can the gallant colonel inform the public? We arraign not him, for we believe him to be perfectly pure; but from knowing something of what has been done, he may be able to tell us where Lord Cochrane is, where are his steam-boats, and where the 150,000£, and upwards, which have been kept back from the Greeks to do this job. And then, perhaps, he may tell us whether the American frigates, for which a similar sum was abstracted, are more forward in being built than these non-existent steam-boats, and whether their commanders are also wandering none can tell where. And then he may tell us whether a single contractor (independent of a swarm of inferior plunderers) did or did not put as much into his pocket in one day as would have saved Greece for one year, probably for ever. And then he may tell us all the rest of this shameful transaction, this fatal story—how Greece is at this moment left to struggle unassisted, while sums are thus misappropriated which would achieve her liberation; and while French adventurers are obtaining that footing in the country which was held by Englishmen until this mockery of help not only disappointed the hopes of Greece, but neutralised those sympathies which would otherwise have led to potent exertions on her behalf.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR FEBRUARY.  
THE Sun enters Pisces on the 13th day, 14 hrs. 56', according to the fixed zodiac of Hipparchus; though his true place in the heavens will be in the girdle of Aquarius. This slow, progressive motion of the celestial host has

\* Such is the influence of the democracy at Hydra, that none of the primate could leave the island, during the late crisis, without the special permission of the people.

been employed in solving several interesting chronological problems. We ascertain the period in which Hesiod flourished, assuming as data the following lines, taken from his *Opera et Dies* :—

" When from the solstice *sixty* wintry days  
Their turns have finish'd, mark with glittering rays,  
From ocean's sacred flood *Arcturus* rise,  
Then first to gild the dusky evening skies."

Arcturus, the star here referred to, is of the first magnitude in the constellation Boötes, and now rises a hundred days after the winter solstice to Ascræ (the birth-place of Hesiod), a little village of Boeotia, at the foot of Mount Helicon, according to Ptolemy, in lat. 37° 45' north. This increase of forty days is equal to 39°, which, reduced to seconds, and divided by the annual recession, 503", gives 2794 years; being as close an approximation to collateral testimony as this species of calculation can furnish.

About the middle of the passing month, there were two considerable spots, of a circular form, on the Sun's disk, 8' apart from each other, one having a high northern situation.

*Phases of the Moon, and Conjunctions with the Planets.*

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon.....	6	12	22
☽ First Quarter.....	14	14	11
○ Full Moon.....	22	0	25
☾ Last Quarter.....	28	16	31

4th day, 17 hours, the Moon will be in conjunction with Mercury. 5th day, 20 hours, with Venus. 16th day, 4 hours, with Saturn, when the Moon will make a very close approach to this planet. 22d day, 11 hours, with Jupiter. 27th day, 0 hours, 45', with Mars.

2d day, Mercury in conjunction with Uranus. 14th day, Saturn stationary.

	25												
	1	7	13	19	25	hs. m.							
	Alt.	Culm.	Alt.	Culm.	Alt.	Culm.	Alt.	Culm.	Alt.	Culm.	Alt.	Culm.	
Mercury .....	22	26	16	10	22	38	16	50	22	42	18	14	23
Venus .....	23	26	18	12	23	32	19	56	23	38	22	6	23
Mars .....	17	22	26	18	17	7	25	30	16	53	24	7	16
Jupiter .....	13	17	57	46	32	13	31	46	48	13	5	12	38
Saturn .....	7	12	56	59	45	7	39	59	46	7	8	39	47
Uranus .....	22	30	16	10	22	6	10	21	21	21	16	24	16

\* In answer to a correspondent, who requests "A description of the least expensive telescope with which to view Saturn's ring," we reply, that a refracting telescope of 30 inches, fitted with three powers, of 60, 90, and 120, will meet their wishes, and may be obtained for ten guineas. No glass with a less power will give a satisfactory view, so as to distinguish the ansæ from the orb of the planet. The telescope referred to is furnished with a stand.

Mercury, Venus, and Uranus, during the month, will be too near the Sun to admit of a satisfactory observation. 1st May, Mars, 5° west of Zuben el Genubi in Libra. Jupiter, 15° 30' east of Regulus in Leo. Saturn, 9° east of Aldebaran in Taurus.

*Opposition of the Planets.*—28th day, 2 hrs. Jupiter will be in opposition, that is, six signs, or 180° distant from the Sun, which situation is of all others the most favourable for observing the planets, as they are then nearest the Earth, and in the same point of view as if seen from the centre of the system. The opposition of the planets may be applied to determine the solar parallax, which at present rests solely on the transits of Venus over the Sun's disk, in 1761 and 1769, as observed in various parts of the world. Before these periods, the parallax was supposed to be 10', which gave eighty-one millions of miles for the distance of the Earth from the Sun; the transits, however, gave only 8.5", which placed the Earth fourteen millions of miles farther from the central body, and extended the radii of the orbits of the other planets in proportion. As a transit of Venus will not recur till the year 1874, we desire to direct the attention of the practical astronomer to the approaching *opposition of Mars*, in the month of May, 4th day, 19 hours, when the planet will be in the sign Libra, very near to Zuben el Genubi, and other stars of smaller magnitude. If the position of Mars, relative to these, be taken with sufficient accuracy by observers in both the northern and southern hemispheres, one of the most important particulars in the science of astronomy would be confirmed or corrected, namely, the solar parallax, and thence, the distances of the planets from the Sun.

Appearance of the southern part of the heavens, when Taurus is on the meridian, with the path of the Comet, which was discovered near London, 19th September, 1825.

The magnificent constellation of Orion will form a conspicuous object in the heavens early in the evening during the month, and presents an ample field for repeated examination. The two stars in the shoulders afford an illustration of that variety of colour which distinguishes some of the fixed stars. That in the right shoulder, or the east, is Betelgeux, which shines with a red, fiery light, somewhat like Mars. Bellatrix in the left shoulder, with a white brilliance, resembling Venus. The celestial equator passes through the most northern star in the belt: in the sword is the largest and most remarkable nebula in the heavens. This nebula is very lucid in the middle, but fainter towards the edges, and suggests the idea of a gap or perforation in the sky, through which, at a greater distance, a much brighter region seems to be situated. Here also, a quadruple star is detected, of which each varies in colour; the largest a pale red, and another inclined to garnet. The position, magnitude, and structure of no less than 2500 of these nebulae have been determined by Herschel, who supposes them to be systems of fixed stars, similar to our firmament of the visible heavens.

"Whoever gazed upon them shining,  
And turn'd to earth without repining;  
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,  
And mix with their eternal ray?"

*Siege of Corinth.*

*LITERARY AND LEARNED.*

OXFORD, JAN. 28.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Divinity*.—Rev. T. J. J. Hale, Queen's College.

*Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity (by accumulation)*.—

Rev. J. Poore, Brasenose College.

*Doctor in Medicine*.—P. Murphy, Magdalen Hall; incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin.

*Bachelors in Divinity*.—Rev. C. H. Hutton, Rev. G. M. Nelson, Fellows of Magdalen College.

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. C. P. Lyne, Queen's College; Scholar of Jesus College; F. S. Emly, Wadham College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—C. R. Sidebottom, P. Whitcomb, Brasenose College; W. Cripps, Trinity College, one of the University Scholars, on Mr. Viner's foundation: W. Smythe, R. N. Gresley, J. Ley, T. Partington, Students of Christ Church; I. King, Christ Church; T. Vores, H. Freeman, Wadham College.

In a London paper of Wednesday last, under the head "Ecclesiastical Promotions," is an account of the *death* of three clergymen.—*Oxford Herald.*

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 27.—The Rev. Aldersey Dickens, Fellow of St. Peter's College, was on Monday last admitted Bachelor in Divinity.

The Rev. Henry Harper, of Queen's College, chaplain to the Hon. East India Company, was on the same day admitted Master of Arts.

The following will be the subjects of examination for the Junior Sophs in the last week of the Lent Term, 1827:—

1. The Gospel of St. John.
2. Paley's Evidences of Christianity.
3. The 11th and 12th Books of the Iliad.
4. The Bellum Catilinarium of Sallust.

*ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.*

*Meeting of January 1828.*

THE paper read at this meeting was an ingenious vindication of *Cicero* from the ridicule so long cast upon that accomplished orator's pretensions as a poet, on account of the well-known verse handed down by Quintilian and Juvenal:—

"O fortunat nam me consule Romam."

The writer, Mr. Granville Penn, attributes the blemish, which it is his object to remove from the great Roman's reputation, to the dulness of his commentators (Quintilian and Juvenal), who uniformly, with the single exception of Mr. Gifford, have devoted all their criticism either to the condemnation or the justification of this strange metrical phenomenon; without hinting a question, as common justice to the "mighty mind" whose supposed production they were considering would have suggested, upon the genuineness of the line. The last-named author, however, in his notes upon the passage, in his translation of Juvenal, has opened the way to the present vindication by remarking, that "after all, it was perhaps the *consule*, and not the *nam natu*—the *vanity*, and not the *jingle*, of the verse which provoked the sneers of his countrymen."

Following out this late admission, Mr. Penn accordingly shews that the object both of the rhetorician and of the satirist was not to expose a capacious metrical (a purpose impertinent) to the tendency of the remarks of the one, and unworthy the contemplation of the grave satire of the other), but to ridicule or condemn the extreme vanity of the sentiment. The line, however, presenting, as it now stands, only pure nonsense, offers no sentiment either for approval or objection: it must, therefore, have suffered from some of the usual causes of the depravation of MSS.

Mr. Penn supposes that Cicero wrote

"O fortunat, nato me consule, Romam;" which line, transcribed after the ordinary manner of copyists,

"O fortunat nati me consule Rom,"— might easily have been converted, by carelessness or malignity, into the ridiculous one now extant. That this supposition is correct, the writer adduces what he considers to be unquestionable evidence, from a characteristic expression in the "Oratio post Reditum." The orator, addressing himself to the Roman people, says: "A parentibus, id quod necesse est, parvus sum procreatus; a vobis natus sum consularis;"

a rhetorical figure which, merely changing the word "consularis" to "consul," he afterwards transferred to his poetry.

Into Mr. Penn's statement of his reasons for concluding that the corruption of this celebrated line has occurred since the age of the writers by whom it is quoted, and his answer to an objection which he anticipates may be founded on a remark of Quintilian's, apparently applicable only to its present mutilated form, it is unnecessary for us to follow him minutely. He concludes by calling upon future editors of Quintilian and Juvenal to reinstate, in the texts of their respective authors, the genuine Ciceronian line:—

"*O fortunatam, nato me consule, Romam.*"

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE BRITISH GALLERY.

THE exhibition in Pall Mall of what may with the greatest propriety be called our National School was opened on Thursday; and it rejoices us to say with a collection of 406 pictures (besides several pieces of sculpture), which, both in *ensemble* and in detail, proclaim most visibly the improved and improving state of the Fine Arts in England. We do not remember any year since the foundation of the British Institution in which so many excellent productions adorned the walls; so many, indeed, that barely to catalogue them would occupy far more space than we can appropriate even for weeks: but we will not desert our post, nor, having taken share in the struggle of native talent, neglect it on this occasion, which may fairly be considered a triumph.

At present, however, we must be content with sweeping through the list, and noticing such works as struck us at a first visit. Many of equal merit, we dare say, from position or accident, may have escaped our observation; but to these we shall hereafter pay homage.

15. *Study of an Old Woman.* T. S. Good.—One of this artist's extremely fine effects of light. A cane in the composition is misplaced, even if it were not falling; it only distracts the attention from what is far better.

16. *Christ falling under the Weight of his Cross.* Northcote—we were sorry to see. It is nevertheless an extraordinary piece for eighty or eighteen.

32. *Summer.* A. Geddes.—A clever picture in the style, but not a servile copy of the *Chapeau de Paille*. It is clear and cleverly painted; the sky, we think, rather blue; but altogether it serves to reinstate this artist in an opinion which several of his later productions had caused to waver.

40. *His Majesty's Entrance into Cowes Castle.* J. St. John Long.—A small historical subject of considerable merit, and the work of a young artist whose very faults and inequalities teach us to anticipate from his future labours nothing of common-place.

41. *Trial of Lord W. Russell.* G. Hayter.—This admirable composition is seen to great advantage here, and would be an honour to any exhibition.

161. Mr. Hayter's *Alashar*, from Lord Byron's *Lara*, though a single figure, is calculated to increase the reputation he has acquired even by this work.

51. *The Convalescent.* W. Mulready.—Another excellent work from Somerset House, but wonderfully improved by being painted on since its first appearance. What was then faint and flimsy, is now vigorous and firm: in short, the Convalescent has acquired a great degree of strength, and a much more healthful tone of colour, and may be pronounced "charming well."

56. *A View near Lewes.* P. Nasmyth.—A sweet landscape.

63. *The Deluge.* J. Martin.—A striking conception of that tremendous miracle; but opening far too wide a field for remark to be indulged in this summary.

66. *Contemplation.* Mrs. J. Browning.—A beautiful figure, and ably coloured; reflects high credit on a female pencil, which is not diminished by her other contributions in this gallery.

72. *Italian Boy.* R. Edmonstone.—A remarkably clever and well-painted head. There is much about it at once singular and pleasing.

76. *Mary Stuart's Farewell to France.* E. D. Leahy.—This is a charming subject, and not unsuccessfully treated. Perhaps the effect might be heightened by throwing more feeling and expression into the principal figure, though Mary's was rather a tender melancholy: some of the less important characters are excellent.

84. *Raphael's Dream.* W. Brockedon.—Is not well hung for observation, but appears to be well conceived, and appropriately finished.

85. *The Lucky Fisherman.* A. Frazer.—This and other pictures by the same hand recommend it to eminent praise. There is a clearness and brilliancy of scene united with character and nature in the figures, which display a rapid advance towards perfection in the artist.

102. *A Market Boat on the Scheldt.* C. Stanfield.—We mistook it for Collins: need we offer a higher encomium?

108. *Orleans.* G. Jones.—A picture worthy of the artist.

113. *Interior of a Highland Cottage.* E. Landseer—possesses the spirit, the character, the touch of Wilkie, and is one of the chief attractions in these rooms. The same gentleman has some admirable pieces with dogs and other animals.

116. *Deep Study.* G. S. Newton.—One of the sweetest examples of colouring which we ever saw; and altogether a mellow, harmonious, and pleasing work.

117. *Pharaoh's Submission.* B. R. Haydon.—A scriptural composition of very great merit. The death of the first born is told with pathos, and there are some extremely fine passages in the groups.

118. *The Biter Bit.* T. Stewardson.—This and another excellent picture of a boy running away with a puppy, are hung almost out of sight; but still the spirit of the one and the brilliancy of the other must challenge applause.

129. *Solitude*—F. Danby—sunset and a ruined city—is too gloomy, and requires to be looked at, as we look about in the dark, a long time before the objects can be made out. We think it inferior to Mr. Danby's later productions.

135. *The Larder*—G. Lance—very cleverly done; as we hope we said when we saw it at the exhibition in Suffolk Street.

139. *A Head.*—Mrs. W. Carpenter—and an excellent fine head too. It is as good a specimen of portraiture as could be wished, and reflects the utmost honour on the artist. Mrs. C., indeed, bids fair to outstrip all competition from her sex in the line in which she thus so completely succeeds.

151. *The Love Letter.*—A Contadina (of Frascati) dictating to one of the Scribes who ply in the streets of Rome. J. P. Davis.—This is an admirable group, which we wish could have been on a level with the eye. It is well composed. The scribe's head and the girl in half-tint are more to our taste than the contadina herself, who is too regularly beautiful to be beautiful.

168. *The Barons demanding Magna Charta*—

R. T. Bone—is a clever historical memento. The arms and costumes are so carefully done, that Dr. Meyrick might make a study of the former, and Mr. Planché of the latter.

171. *L'Allegro.* R. Westall.—The figure of loathed Melancholy, though little original, is stately and striking. The mortal well conceived; but Euphrosyne has a leg a quarter of a mile long. When carried to the gallery during the frost, with such longitude of limb, and so much exposed, one might have called her "you frozen knee," indeed.

183. *Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man.* W. F. Witherington.—A very pathetic, well-imagined, and well-painted little picture.

187. *The Entombment of Christ.*—J. and G. Foggo—though a large picture, is of a more convenient size than these ardent cultivators of their art have been in the practice of exhibiting. We rejoice to add, that it has not less, but, on the contrary, rather more merit; for the zeal with which the Messrs. Foggo have laboured, under all the discouragement which attends devotedness to the highest branch of painting, to advance in that noble course, is very honourable to them.

193. *An Overshot-Mill.* T. C. Hofland.—Like several others by the same, a pleasant, silvery, and prettily-touched example of English landscape.

235. *Marmion, &c.* T. M. Richardson.—Also one of several good pictures, which afford the fairest hopes of the artist's attaining still higher rank in his profession. But his *Troll Fisher* (346) realises these hopes, and is exceedingly good.

239. *An Italian Scene: Evening.* W. Linton.—A grand and classical work, with a Claude-like distance, and a foreground not unworthy of Gaspar Poussin. The subject is from Bowles' *Grave of the Last Saxon*.

248. *The Ghost Laid.* F. P. Stephanoff.—A comic piece, with some very clever touches, but, as a whole, not so amusing or characteristic as some of his previous productions. Neither does 339, *King Charles I. and his Children*, remove our impression. The tenderness and dignity required by the subject are deficient.

256. *French Coast:* (also 242.) R. P. Bonnington.—Who is R. P. Bonnington? We never saw his name in any Catalogue before; and yet here are pictures which would grace the foremost name in landscape art. Sunshine, perspective, vigour; a fine sense of beauty in disposing of colours, whether in masses or in mere bits;—these are extraordinary ornaments to the rooms.

261. *A Chapel at Dieppe.* D. Roberts.—And this is another marvel, though, from former acquaintance with the artist, we were better prepared for it. Yet how Mr. Roberts, accustomed to the acre-wide scenery of Drury-lane, could paint so lovely a thing in little is truly astonishing.

262. *The Mistletoe.* R. Farrier.—A droll scene, but sadly in want of keeping. Walls and men are nearly of the same tone of colour, and there is very little distance preserved. The merit lies in the grouping, the variety of character, and ability in expressing humour in common life.

266. *The Church of St. Ouen.* C. R. Stanley.—Hung as a companion to 256 (see above), and deserving of that situation.

268. *The Little Gipsy.* J. Boaden.—A natural and delightful piece, of that charming class to which the President's exquisite *Red Riding Hood* belonged. It not only gives promise of much hereafter, but is a specimen of great present talent; which opinion of the young

Painter's merits is not impaired by surveying his other productions in this exhibition.

289. *Washing Fish on the Coast.* J. Tennant.—Mr. Tennant displays great truth and an accurate pencil in this and his other pictures.

317. *Landscape and Cattle.* A. B. Von Worrall.—By his name, a foreign contributor to our native store; by this performance proving himself a living Paul Potter.

335. *The Highland Sportsman.* W. Kidd.—A gay Highland party—young folks kissing, old ones spinning, &c. &c.

382. *Ivanhoe.* H. Fradelle.—One of the artist's least attractive productions.

384. *Bottle of Champaign.* M. W. Sharp.—As full of fun as ever. The man is "the Bees-Wing" drunk: never was a fellow more completely overtaken. The colour is as mellow as the subject, and the whole eminently ludicrous.

397. *The Quintin.* F. Howard.—A work of favourable auspice.

403. *The Portrait Approved.* J. Clover.—Another of the same description. The title is neat, for the subject is a female consulting her glass.

Thus have we cast a hasty *coup-d'œil* over this truly interesting exhibition; omitting, we fear, too many pictures of great though modest worth, which have failed in the first instance to attract our attention. We have also avoided speaking of several works of the first order, with which the public are familiar from previous exhibition; such as Hilton's *Christ Crowned*, which was purchased by the British Institution; Etty's *Combat*, purchased, we hear, by a brother artist, Martin; *Christ disposessing the Demoniæ*, an amazingly grand production for a youthful artist, W. C. Ross; &c. &c. If we simply mention *Horses*, by Ward; *Common Life*, by Cosse; *Landscape*, by Reinagle, J. Wilson, Vincent, Harriet Goldsmith; *Game*, by Stevens, and others; *Sculpture*, by Sievier, Gerrard, Hennings; and *Killing a Wild Boar*, the name not in the catalogue; it may be anticipated that a visit to Pall Mall will be attended with much gratification, beyond the particulars which we have been able to point out at a single view.

We rejoice that a considerable number of the pictures have already been sold.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### THE PAST.

"Hope may charm Love, but Memory proves it."

My spirit may not turn away

From Love, that was its first and last;

With thoughts the future cannot bring,

I turn and dwell upon the past.

You do not know how I have loved—

You do not know what I have lost—

My bark of venturing hope is wreck'd—

My own heart only knows the cost.

I may look on a face as fair

As that for ever from me gone :

However fair it be, can I

Look as I look'd upon that one ?

No—ere you bid me love again,

Love as I once loved, you must bring

The passionate feelings of my youth,

The warmth and dew that made it spring.

Love is divine in our belief

Of its eternity—how vain,

When we have known that Love can die,

To think that he can live again !

Even if I could dream once more,

What have I left to offer now ?

A heart which knows that it can change—

A sul'd faith—a broken vow,

But this is vain:—go search the seas,  
And bring Oblivion's wave with thee,  
Its deepest one:—then thou may'st speak,  
And only then, of love to me.

My heart is full of other days,—  
And its dark bodings are as those  
Felt by the Elders of the land,  
When Judah's second Temple rose :

Those who had look'd upon the first,  
How could they think the second fair ?  
They only turn'd aside, and wept  
Another temple should be there.

Then never name Love's name to me,  
Unless the gentle word is said  
As Pity names a buried friend,—  
As Sorrow murmurs of the dead.  
For love and death are grown to me  
Associate terms; I only crave  
From one the gift of memory,  
And from the other of a grave.

#### IOLE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MILLEROYE.  
THE breath is failing on my lips,

The light is fading from my eye !  
My summons hath gone forth in spring—  
I know that I must die.

Fall, fall to earth, ye fragile leaves,  
And hide from my lone mother's sorrow  
The last and lowly dwelling-place  
Where I shall be to-morrow !

But should the fading twilight bring  
Mine own dear maiden here to weep,  
I cannot lose such precious tears—  
Wake my soul from its sleep—

His low voice fail'd—the morrow came—  
But not to him—and strangers made,  
Amid the fallen leaves, his grave,  
Beneath the oak tree's shade.

The twilight darken'd, and the winds  
Pined like a dirge upon the air;  
Like tears the leaves fell from the boughs,  
But never came his false love there.

#### IOLE.

#### DRAMA. KING'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, *La Donna del Lago* was reproduced at this house, with the alteration we had previously mentioned in the cast of the characters. Madame Caradori succeeded Madame Ronzi de Begnis in *Ellen*, and gave the music with great taste and simplicity. Curioni and Porto retained their own parts, and sustained them with their usual ability. Torri undertook the character of *Rhoderic Dhu*, and convinced us in it that he was not at all improved in his singing: his performance, though generally good, was very unequal. Madame Cornega (while we are speaking of her, we beg to tell the conductors of the opera that some plan ought to be hit upon to prevent the public from continual disappointments: half the music is left out in one piece, and we never now enter the house without hearing an apology for some one who is either ill, or pretends to be so)—Madame Cornega attempted the part of *Malcolm*, which she neither played nor sung; and the choruses were generally as bad as any body could ever wish to hear.

The Oratorio commenced as usual on the 30th of January, and the opera-house has determined this season to try its chance with Covent-garden (*Drury-lane having retired*); and with such performers as were brought forward on Monday, to a very sufficient but not very polite auditory, has a fair chance of succeeding. There was some new music by Velluti, from an

opera composed by Lord Bargaish, to which, if the rest be equal, the whole bids fair to become a great favourite. A Mr. A. Sapiò made his first appearance, and we have no doubt will do well, when he has gained a little more confidence in his own powers. Eight young ladies were introduced from the Academy of Music, for the sake of accompanying a chorus upon their harps, and we could not but feel for them, after having very quietly sat for half an hour, to have the few bars which they played completely drowned by the other instruments. The Gambati played a duet from *Semiramida* on the trumpets; the perfection to which they have brought them is most wonderful. Upon Signor Vestris we would rather not yet pass our opinion. One of those *rows* which have of late become so common to our theatres, was raised here by some silly persons (not knowing what they were about), who, having read in the Covent-garden advertisement that Mr. Lindley, jun. was to play a concerto on the violoncello, clamoured for Mr. Lindley, sen. to play at this house. The outcry was most properly resisted, but a whimsical reason assigned for it, viz. the indisposition of Mr. Lindley's instrument from the Monday or Tuesday preceding. The most noisy of the rioters, female as well as male, seemed disposed to insist on a doctor's certificate; but, in the end, Sinclair, with his sweet pipe, literally sang down the affray, and procured first attention, secondly applause, and thirdly a hearty and unanimous encore. The boxes were but poorly filled; but the pit was crammed, as we have already stated, and with such company as we think the walls, *old* as they are, scarcely ever witnessed before.

Of the Oratorio at Covent-garden we can say little, not having attended, and disliking the hazard (though commonly enough run by critics) of criticising without seeing or hearing. We learn from the newspapers and bills, however, that Saul was among the people of the orchestra; that in the church department there was a Bishop and a new organ; and that the whole was under Smart management. Of the performances, that Miss Love gave "Behold a Virgin," and "O thou that tellest;" followed by Mr. Phillips, "Behold darkness," and "I tell thee a mystery," with, "Unto us a Child is born." That Miss Paton sang "Come unto him," and Miss Goward, "How beautiful are the feet." Mr. Braham, himself a host, made his *début* for the season. The theatre, we hear, was full.

#### DRURY-LANE.

On Saturday a new melo-drama, which was ostentatiously announced as a "national ballad opera," was produced at this theatre. It is called "*Malvina*," and the subject, as the bills also inform us, is taken from *Ossian*. This, however, is a slight misrepresentation, either of the author or the printer, as nothing bearing any similitude to the *action* of the piece is to be found in the works of the poet, and its resemblance, in reality, extends no further than to the names of the characters, and selections from the "*copia verborum*" of the "*Warrior Bard*." The story may be told in a few words:—*Oscar*, the son of *Fingal*, has been betrothed to *Malvina*, and preparations are making for the celebration of the marriage at the castle of *Toscar*; when *Morven* and *Conlath*, who, with their followers, have been thrown upon the coast by stress of weather, appear before the castle gates, and ask for shelter for the night. The hospitable father of *Malvina* immediately receives them, and, to do honour to his guests, invites them cordially.

to the nuptial feast. In the midst of their merriment, a wandering minstrel is announced; he likewise is admitted, and gives the company a specimen of his abilities; but paying more attention to the bride than is quite pleasing to her husband, is desired to be less particular, when he instantly doffs his peaceful habit, and proclaims himself as *Cuthullin*, the lord of the warriors who are feasting around him. All of course is now confusion; swords fly from their scabbards, and war-cries deafen the ear; when the master of the entertainment recommends a friendly cup, and a dull trio makes up the quarrel. Soon after this, *Cuthullin* applies to *Conlath*, to assist him in carrying off *Malvina*, to which, after some hesitation, he consents. The abduction is made, and the lady is placed under *Conlath's* protection, in a deep cave, with orders, that if the expected battle should prove fatal to *Cuthullin*, she should receive her death from his hands. In this situation of affairs, *Malvina* prevails upon her gaoler to assist her in escaping; and they have nearly accomplished their purpose when they are overtaken by pursuers. Owing, however, to the gallant resistance of her preserver, and the timely aid of a pedlar, she succeeds in reaching a small boat, and launches out upon the lake. She is followed by *Cuthullin*, and they are both upon the point of being destroyed by a cataract, when the former is rescued by a sort of maniac, called *Morna*, whilst the latter, boat and all, is seen tumbling down the torrents. *Morna*, in the mean time, turns out to be the wife of *Conlath*, who, he told us, was carried off from the Irish coast some years before; and all the characters, except those who were drowned and murdered, are made completely happy. The embellishments of this piece (and to the painters it is chiefly indebted for its success) are of the very first order. To "a panoramic view of Glen Falloch, with the upper end of Loch Lomond, and Ben Lomond in the distance," the theatre resounded with applause for several minutes: the whole of the scenery is indeed beautifully executed; but at the same time we must observe, that it is not upon a scale of sufficient magnitude to give us an adequate idea of the descriptions of Ossian, of "extended heaths by the sea-shore," of the "mountains shaded with mist," or the "scatter'd oaks, and tombs of the warriors overgrown with moss." The music is not only ineffective as stage music, but we cannot praise the judgment with which it is selected. Many of the airs we have been accustomed to hear in comic operas; and when we find them, as in the piece before us, introduced in serious situations, we cannot altogether divest ourselves of former associations. Miss Stephens, as the representative of "Malvina, the chief of the maids of Lutha," with "her songs, and the soft sound of her steps," played and sang with taste and feeling; that she did not produce a greater effect was owing solely to the poverty of the materials that were entrusted to her. The same praise will apply to Miss Kelly, whose talents gave some importance to an exceedingly indifferent part. Sinclair, in the early part of the evening, exerted himself with much effect, and was in fine voice; but there is more acting in "Oscar" than he is equal to: a few idle coxcombs expressed their displeasure, because he could not do that well which he never professed to do at all; and this unfeeling treatment damped his efforts for the remainder of the night. Wallack was quite at home in "Conlath," and Horn sang with more force than usual in "Cuthullin." There was a ballet by Noble, and some pretty pirouettes by

his wife; but the same fault we have found with the scenery is due to the dancing. It is of too refined a nature for the period in which these people did or were supposed to live. The stage arrangements, particularly the disposition of the troops in the first act, do Mr. Wallack infinite credit; and notwithstanding a partial opposition on the first night, the piece is likely enough to have a long and a successful run.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

On Wednesday a new afterpiece was performed for the first time, called "Norah, the Girl of Erin." It is of a serious character, and certainly one of the most stupid productions that poor critic was ever compelled to sit out. The sole incident upon which it is founded is so hackneyed, that the audience, before the end of the first scene, became perfectly satisfied with the *dénouement*; and symptoms of impatience to come to a conclusion manifested themselves at a very early period. Some relief to the dulness of the story was attempted by the introduction of a benevolent Irish schoolmaster. It was well played by Connor; but the jokes had more coarseness than wit, and were in general unfavourably received. A pretty scene at the end of the performance, representing a country church by moonlight, saved it eventually from what it richly merited—absolute condemnation.

#### VARIETIES.

A SILVER mine of prodigious value is said to have been recently discovered near Coquimbo. Much native ore is represented as being found on the very surface, and the promised wealth as greater than even Potosi itself.

A new Opera, called *La Dame Blanche*, has become quite the rage in Paris. The journals declare that its composer, *Boieldieu*, is equal to Rossini, and his music as fine as the best of the Italian school.

The King of France recently subscribed 2000 francs for the monument erecting to the memory of Larochejacquelin, Lescure, and Dounissen.

The Russian senate has decreed that a colossal statue shall be erected to the memory of the late emperor: it is to be inscribed, simply, "Russia to Alexander the First."

*Brotherhood*.—A factious artist, of some celebrity, strolling along the other day, saw a fellow painting a door-post. "You dash away famously, brother Brush," said he. "What, are you a chimney-sweep?" instantly retorted brother Brush.

*Grammar*.—"I never wear a great-coat," said M., sallying out: "And I never was," observed D.

*Anecdote*.—Mr. C. W., whose great height renders him very remarkable in the streets of London, was lately met in Fleet Street, during the frost, by a gentleman nearly as tall as himself. Struck with the appearance of each other, they entered into conversation, and were speaking when interrupted by a ragged urchin of the Sister Isle. This genuine child of Erin, looking up to the giants archly, bawled out, "Your honours, will you be so good as tell me if 'tis could up there?"

*Naval Bull*.—A tar had contracted some dislocation to a ship which he was courted to enter. He disapproved of her look and her trim. "Come, my jolly boy, (said the officer) you may trust yourself in her: see what a fine copper bottom she has." "D—n it, sir," replied Jack, I tell ye I would not sail in her if she were coppered with gold."

*The King*, acting in the spirit which has illustrated his reign as a gracious sovereign and feeling man, has settled a hundred guineas per annum on poor old O'Keefe.

*Classical Literature*.—A collection of the recent discoveries of M. Angelo Mai, in the Vatican Library, is proposed for publication. They consist of copious extracts from Polybius, Diodorus, Dio Cassius, Desseppus, Ennassius, Menander the historian, and Perseus, preserved in those hitherto-lost volumes of the eclogue of Constantinus Porphyrogenitus. These fragments are said to be very valuable.—*Representative Newspaper*.

Mr. Christie, we observe from the newspapers, has advertised the sale of the late Lord Radstock's pictures during the ensuing spring. Many of these are first-rate works; for, we believe, though his lordship sometimes sold as well as bought, his judgment was so good that he retained most of the best paintings which he had acquired during a long life, to the end of it.

*Africa*.—Accounts from Tripoli announce that Major Laing had reached Gadamas in November, and calculated on being at Timbuctoo by the 10th of December.

Bestuscheff, Karnilovitch, Ruleff, and Tschubovitch, all men known to the literary circles, are said to be deeply implicated in the late conspiracy at Petersburgh.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

##### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Blackstone's *Commentaries*, by Chitty, 4 vols. 8vo. 32. 13s. 6d. bds.—*Granby*, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. new ed. 17. 9s. 6d. bds.—*Adventures of a Young Rifleman*, post 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—*Archbold's King's Bench Practice*, 2 vols. 12mo. 14s. 6d. bds.—*Babbage on Life Assurance*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*Milford's Observations on Country Bankers*, 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—*Monk's History of the Monks*, 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—*Kennedy's New Bankrupt Act*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—*Epi-taphs on Faithful Servants*, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Davies's Tables of Life Contingencies*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*Wood's Subaltern Officer*, new ed. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Bullock's Lectures on the Story of Joseph and his Brethren*, 12mo. 5s. bds.—*Bowles's Lessons in Criticism*, to W. Roscoe, Esq. 8vo. 7s. bds.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 26	From 31. to 37.	30.17 to 30.18
Friday ... 27	22. — 35.	30.10 — 30.16
Saturday ... 28	24. — 39.	30.10 — 30.08
Sunday ... 29	25.5 — 43.	29.98 — 29.90
Monday ... 30	30. — 47.	29.75 — 29.60
Tuesday ... 31	39. — 47.	29.67 — 29.70
February.		
Wednesday 1	38. — 45.	29.77 — 29.70

Wind variable, S. and S. E. prevailing.—Alternately clear and cloudy; frosty mornings till the 30th; since, very mild; a little rain on the afternoon of the 1st.

EDMONTON.

Latitude ..... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude ..... 0° 51' W. of Greenwich.

ERATUM IN THE LAST JOURNAL.—On the 23d, in the column of the thermometer, for 42 read 40.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The paragraph to which Humanitas alludes was a mere jest. We have no suggestion to offer, therefore, out of the usual course of all transactions of the kind upon which he consults us.

We believe the portrait of Gen. Stewart is published for the artist. Probably Messrs. Longman (at whose house a proof may be seen) can advise our correspondent where it may be obtained.

"Spy" is not, in our opinion, a good rhyme to "cigar;" nor are we quite reconciled to "Skiddane"! Igitur, as we say in the Greek, we decline publishing C. J. D.'s puff on that manufacture of tobacco which annoys people in every street too much to warrant the nuisance being promoted into the precincts of literature. Our correspondent must accordingly sing the whole string of his verses elsewhere, if he sing them at all, and be content by giving the best stanza alone as a specimen:

Some praise the glow-worm's emerald light,  
Soft gleaming from afar;  
But I can make a "glow-worm" too,  
By lighting my cigar.

ERRATUM in our last No., Review of Mr. Leigh's Poems, p. 50, line 15 from bottom, for, "learned love," read, "learned love."

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

**THE GALLERY** for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, including the celebrated Pictures of "Christ Crowned with Thorns" and WILLIAM HILTON, R.A. purchased by the Directors, is Open Daily, from Ten in the Morning, until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BAENARD, Keeper.

**THE PUBLISHERS of the LONDON**

MAGAZINE beg to announce, that in addition to a considerable number of able Articles, which are mentioned in the regular Advertisements, the present Number contains the following Papers, of peculiar interest and importance:

1. *Reed of Monte*—being the first Number of a new York to Real Del Monte, by way of Tampico. By one of the most celebrated Authors of the Day. 2. *Adventures of a Lady's Maid*—3. *The Music of the Month*—4. *Diary of a Constant Reader*, for January—Last Anecdote of Sheridan—Mr. Decimus Hare and the Lodging-House Papers—Matthews and his Magazine Controversy—Theatrical Advertisements and Entertainments—The Novel of Granby—Preface to Blackwood—Italian Opera in America—Arigna Mining Company—Minor Theatres—Anecdote of Mr. Lambton—Letter of Charles Edwards, Esq. in Blackwood—New and Ingenious Modes of Advertising—Mr. Murray's News-Paper—The American and the English—The American and the American Navy—The Squeaker of the House of Commons—The Literary Gazette and the Mirror of the Month—The Times in the City—Murray's First No. of the Representative, &c. &c.—7. North American Review on Lord Byron and Pinkney's Poet—8. *The Devil's Advocate*—9. *Attack on the Year's Best Book*—10. *An Eye-Witness*—11. *The Cambridge University, and the Attacks and Defences*—12. *The Edinburgh, Westminster, and Quarterly Reviews*—13. *Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach*—14. *Adventures of a Young Rifleman, with Copies of Extracts, from the American and the English, and the American and the Purchaser of Books*—15. *Horwitz's Hebrew Tales*—16. *Table Talk*, consisting of pointed Extracts and Anecdotes from all the new Books, and several old ones; being such parts of new and old Books as are likely to make the most lively impression, and to interest the Reader in the conversation of the Table. Together with the Miscellaneous Literary Intelligence of the Month, Cambridge Trips, &c. &c. &c.

3. *Adventures of a Young Rifleman*. This copious Article exhausts this singular work lately published by the celebrated Goethe, of all the interesting parts of the Story of the University, by a Master of Arts, who knew it well by experience.

4. *The Lady's Maid*—being a very curious Exposure of the Nature of the Delerious Drug which, under the name of Cosmetics, Soaps, Washes, Rouges, &c. &c. are commonly sold in the Shop. By an exact Physician.

5. *The Diary of a "Constant Reader"* which was commenced in the last Number of the London, and attracted so much attention, is continued for this Month, and contains a Commentary on all the remarkable Events of the Month.

Printed for Hunt and Clarke, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

On the 1st instant was published, price 1s.

**NUMBER II. (for February) of a New Series of the LITERARY MAGNET; or, Monthly Journal of the Belles Lettres.**

Containing the "Wives of Madrid; a Spanish Story, (continued)—2. The Lady and the Merlin, By Alaric A. Watts—3. The Living Poets of England; Wordsworth—4. The Virtuous, an unpublished Poem, By Dr. Abenside—5. Stanza for Music—6. A Chapter on Duns, Epithalamium of Cupid and the Cupid of Duns—7. The Devil's Advocate—8. The Devil and the Wrestler—10. The Literary Bore—11. To Fortune—12. The Hall of Silence; an Eastern Tale—13. A Sketch from Real Life—14. My Retreat, By M. J.—15. Stanza, By J. M.—16. Retirement—17. The Transport—18. Address to the Infant Roscinius—19. The Devil's Advocate—20. The Devil and the Cupid—21. Miscellaneous—22. To Readers and Correspondents.

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